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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

The editor of The Living Age *is just leaving for Europe, in order to make a brief, but comprehensive, survey of political and social conditions in England and on the Continent. During the weeks of his absence, Professor W. B. Munro, of the Department of Government at Harvard University, will be in general charge of the magazine.*

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BUSINESS AND POLITICS AROUND THE BALTIC

The recent political campaign in Sweden, which is reported to have resulted in heavy gains for the Social Democrats, — at least in urban constituencies, — centred around the issues of protection and free trade, the Socialists being in favor of the latter; the League of Nations, which the Social Democrats now regard with suspicion; and disarmament and foreign policies, the Left naturally being in favor of reducing armaments and of a friendlier attitude toward Finland.

Unemployment, which is acute in Sweden, probably has influenced the rising Socialist vote. Half of Sweden's tonnage is now laid up, and the distress among the seafaring population is very great. The railways have discharged one fourth of their personnel and are still running at heavy loss on account of decreased traffic.

The Council of Industry of Denmark has just presented a report, at the invitation of the Danish Government, upon the industrial depression in that country. There has been a decline of more than fifty per cent in the number of persons employed in several leading industries — paper, boots and shoes, textiles, glass — as compared with 1913. Imports during the first half of 1921 exceeded exports by 44,000,000 crowns.

With a population of three and one third millions there are at present 60,000 unemployed. Even the Social Democrats are in favor of high protective duties, which they think will assure more employment for the idle.

The Lett Government is reported to have carried through successfully agricultural reforms which have provided farms for more than 60,000 families within the past year. In addition, many deserted and poorly-worked farms are now well cultivated as a result of assistance advanced to the owners by the government. The transit business between Russia and Western Europe is likewise contributing to the economic recovery of the country. A 'sample fair' has just been held at Riga.

According to the *Frankfurter Zeitung's*

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Polish correspondent, the Lodz textile industry is reviving, being stimulated, not only by a fairly strong local market, but also by a brisk *sub-rosa* trade with Russia. As soon as arrangements have been made for a regular exchange of goods between Poland and Russia, it is prophesied that there will be a boom in Polish industries, since the Russian population has for years been accustomed to receiving its manufactures from that region, and shows a preference for its products.

However, Poland's paper money is multiplying at an increasing rate. During July the total quantity in circulation increased 12,500,000,000 marks, or 13.5 per cent. The total circulation exceeded 115,000,000,000 marks on July 31. By the end of August 30 Polish marks exchanged for one German mark, and it took 2500 Polish marks to buy an American dollar.

Naturally, the monetary situation has played havoc with price standards and thrown the whole economic system out of gear. The railway employees, the tramway servants in Warsaw, and the workers in other branches have struck because wages do not keep pace with the mounting cost of living.

In former Prussian Poland, riots of a serious character are reported, directed partly against the Warsaw authorities on account of the discontent provoked by these conditions.

Commenting upon Poland's bogged finance, the Warsaw correspondent of the London *Times* informs its readers that the government is greatly hampered by the resistance of the people, especially the peasant party, — which holds the balance of power in the new republic, — to any taxation which directly touches the pocket. This partly explains the fact that the country seems to be rushing headlong toward insolvency. There is no reason why it should not pay its way. Its resources are enormous. But the people demand that the government give with bountiful hand without taking anything in return. Postal rates and railway fares are ridiculously cheap. One can travel two hundred miles first class for the equivalent, in Polish money, of one dollar.

The latest reports from Germany indicate better conditions in the labor market. Since April 1 the number of fully employed persons receiving public relief has declined from 413,000 to 269,000. Although the end of the harvest brought about the dismissal of many farm laborers, the demand for agricultural hands is larger than the supply. This is attributed partly to great activity in the building trades, and also to increased traffic on rivers and canals, which has caused much labor to be absorbed by the transportation industry.

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LORD BEAVERBROOK ON GERMANY

LORD BEAVERBROOK, who has recently made a personal investigation of business conditions in Germany, confirms, in a letter to the London *Express*, Mr. Keynes's prediction that Germany is likely to go bankrupt next year if the Allied indemnity payments are insisted on. Mr. Keynes's recent articles in the *Sunday Times* have probably had a more far-reaching effect on opinion, not only in Great Britain but in France itself, than any single and opinionative article in the history of international politics. Lord Beaverbrook says: —

> I set out for Germany without any predisposition in favor of either of the theories current in England — that the Germans are a poverty-stricken people, living on the edge of extreme hardship and unable to pay the reparations, or, on the contrary, that they are making such prodigious industrial strides forward that they are about to conquer the commercial world. The true facts seem to have little relation to either of these notions.
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> My argument is not that Germany is

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self-sufficient in foodstuffs, but that she is more so than any other European nation.

Have the people the money to buy this food? On the whole, emphatically, 'Yes.' I except the small class which lives on fixed incomes and pensions. But for the rest, every one has money to burn, and burns it.

The great Berlin hotels and restaurants, which cater for natives only and not for foreigners at all, are full of Germans large and small, thin and fat, who do immense justice to gigantic meals. No appurtenance of luxury is lacking. The food is there and the money to pay for it.

Take again the condition of the working classes. Wages are high, and Berlin boasts that it has only 40,000 unemployed. Would that London could say the same!

Buildings are rising everywhere. I have seen the five great banks of Berlin, and they are all extending their premises.

Where does all the money come from for this profusion and luxury, in which both the rich and the working classes share alike?

There is one single cause: Inflation. Germany is going through a postponed but prolonged boom which makes our post-war boom of 1919 a tiny thing.

The boom on the German Stock Exchange has ushered in gambling on a tremendous scale. Shares and articles change hands at values differing wildly from day to day; and as the mark continues to lose in value, the shares of companies continue to rush up. Men say:

'What is the use of money to me? It is a thing rapidly ceasing to have any real value at all, — soon it may be worthless, — but the shares in a company may have great value in the future.'

In this way it is all demand, and no supply. Fortunes are reaped in a few hours and spent as rapidly as possible, while the price of stocks soars to figures which are perfectly ridiculous. German finance is thus leading straight toward a vast crisis, and a crash which will make the present British slump look like a small event.

There is nothing in the industrial condition of a Germany beaten and impoverished by a great war to justify the rate at which she is living. As the inflation increases and the value of the mark declines, the spending intensifies. A man throws a 1000-mark note about because he knows that the rise in the cost of commodities never catches up with an inflated currency. The recklessness of the whole proceeding is beyond belief.

After the boom, the deluge; and if I had any commercial interest in Germany, I should get out before the storm broke; but I would not take marks as the price of getting out.

In the Sunday *Times* articles, already referred to, discussing Europe's economic outlook, Mr. Keynes enunciates the following five broad principles of policy, which he believes might hasten the world's recovery: —

(1) A capital levy would transfer a part of the burden of taxation from new enterprise and current business, out of which the active elements of society — working men and business men alike — draw their rewards, to idle, old-won wealth.

(2) General disarmament is the form of economy least injurious and most worth while.

(3) If trades-unions, reversing their recent policy, were to aim at rendering the earnings of the individual as nearly approximate as possible to the output and the efficiency of the individual, they would call to the assistance of production the normal and not unworthy incentives to work which nearly everyone feels.

(4) By freedom of trade and international intercourse and coöperation, the limited resources of mankind could be employed to his best advantage.

(5) By a reduction and control of the birth-rate men might cease to trample one another to the wall.

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A DISARMAMENT RESOLUTION

THE political economist section of the French Association for the Advancement of Science adopted the following resolution at its convention in Rouen last August: —

Whereas, during and since the war of 1914, most monarchs and heads of governments, whether belligerent or neu-

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tral, have consistently asserted that the nations which they represented were ready to coöperate in every possible way to promote the peace of the world,

We therefore *resolve*, that the governments which are to meet in Washington at the high initiative of President Harding, for the purpose of limiting armaments, ought to insure themselves mutually and as a group against the risk of war, by reciprocally guaranteeing to reimburse each of the contracting countries for all expenses and losses which it may incur in a war of defense, by means of a contribution levied on each of the signatory nations, proportionate to that nation's revenue at the end of the war.

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IRISH JOTTINGS

Mr. St. John Ervine recently wrote a letter to the London *Times*, drawing a comparison between his own claim to Irish descent — which runs back unbroken for three hundred years — and the claims of the Sinn Fein leaders. De Valera was born in New York, of a Spanish father and an Irish mother; Arthur Griffiths is a Welshman; the late Padraig Pearce had an English father; Thomas Johnston, the head of the Irish Labor Party and pro-Sinn Fein, is an Englishman. Other prominent Sinn Fein leaders are Englishmen. The *New Witness* comments upon this, that George Washington was of English descent, Lloyd George is a Welshman, and some of the leading officials of the present English government are Jews. 'But while the English Cabinet resembles the Irish in its racial mixture, there is a fundamental distinction. Sinn Fein has been given a mandate by the Irish people to settle their relationship with England. . . . Mr. George and his supporters . . . have specifically failed to carry out the will of the English people, which overwhelmingly desires a just settlement of the Irish question.'

A British correspondent, describing De Valera's speech before Dàil Eireann at its recent first public assembly at Dublin, says: —

> One's thoughts were carried back to the frosty January morning in the Clock Room of the French Foreign Office when President Wilson was making his famous speech at the opening of the Paris Peace Conference. One had the same impression of moral fervor and passionate sincerity and the same unwelcome conviction that disillusionment lay in store. As a shrewd observer of human affairs remarked on that occasion when the American President resumed his seat. '*C'est magnifique;* but it is not hard tacks.'

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COST OF LIVING ABROAD

A Paris correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* informs us that before the war the cost of living was higher in France than in England, taking the middle-class family as a standard. People paying a rental of four hundred to five hundred dollars a year in England, and keeping a servant or two and entertaining their friends once or twice a week, found that it cost about four thousand dollars a year in Paris to live on what would be a twenty-five-hundred-dollar scale in London.

Clearly speaking from experience, this correspondent says that the difference in exchange, 'which is supposed to put Britons in a very favorable position in Paris to-day,' is quite delusive. The differences in prices — for common necessaries, not for luxuries — quite or more than make up for the differences in money. Reducing prices to terms of the same currency, he shows from specific instances that they are still much higher in Paris than in London.

It would appear from communications in the London papers that English-

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men resent especially the high cost of men's clothing since the war. Tailors' wages have practically doubled. Piecework items, which formerly cost sevenpence, now cost thirteen to fourteen pence. The best tailors employ no materials costing as low as ten shillings a yard. One tailor reports that the average price of the cloth he uses is thirty-eight shillings, or, even at current exchange, about seven dollars a yard in American currency. Nine guineas is the price asked by many tailors for a light blue-serge suit of lower-grade material. A leading tailor expressed the opinion that ten guineas would hereafter be a minimum price for a 'West End' suit.

At the present rate of exchange of the mark, a tailor-made suit of fair quality can be purchased in Berlin for the equivalent of thirty dollars. British tailors claim that German woolens have been of very inferior quality since the war.

It is estimated that the cost of living in French towns of 10,000 inhabitants or more has fallen about 20 per cent from the highest point reached during the last quarter of 1920. Wages have fallen unevenly in different industries and different parts of the country, but not so rapidly as prices.

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EL CACIQUE

EL CACIQUE, has been attacked and criticized as much in Spain as has his analogue, the political boss, in the United States. *Caciquismo* appeared as soon as modern political institutions were established. It is not peculiar to the Peninsula, but prevailed in the Spanish colonies and indeed, still thrives in the Spanish-American republics.

But the *Cacique* has his defenders. *El Epoca*, of Madrid, prints the following tolerant paragraph regarding him:—

> The political boss represents a supplementary agency absolutely necessary under existing conditions, on account of the inadequate preparation of our people for political life, and on account of the slight interest in politics exhibited by most men of our better-educated middle classes. It is not the boss *per se*, but the bad boss, who is the real evil. The boss is the centre of crystallization about which the anarchical atoms of our towns and villages group themselves in orderly forms. He is the only political tie between country and city, and between the common people and the Government.

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MORE ARMISTICE TESTIMONY

DR. ARNOLD BRECHT, a German Foreign-Office official, who kept the minutes of the Cabinet sessions of late October, 1918, relates in the *Berliner Tageblatt* the inside history of the negotiations between the Cabinet and the General Staff, which resulted in the Armistice tender. The General Staff held firmly to its first position, that a tender must be made immediately, for military reasons. Among other things, this informant says:—

> The fact that Wilson's fourteen points were accepted as a basis for peace, with the endorsement of General Army Headquarters, had an effect which has not hitherto been duly appreciated. The authority of General Headquarters was so great that Wilson thereby acquired a sudden popularity among the German people which he had not hitherto had. His fourteen points had been declared, by Hindenburg and Ludendorff, a just basis for a peace. The German people thereby became obsessed with this conviction. The government could not ask them to resume the bloody struggle two weeks later, and say: 'Wilson has betrayed us; his fourteen points are a swindle.'

This account, which seems to be authentic, effectually disposes of the claim now made by German militarists, that responsibility for Germany's hu-

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miliation at Versailles rests solely upon 'the Socialists and Pacifists.'

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CHINA'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

ACCORDING to the *North China Herald*, that part of the world has not yet experienced the slowing down of manufacturing development which has characterized the past year in Europe and America.

The industrialization of the Yangtze Valley continues uninterruptedly, or rather would do so if all the *tuchuns* and their followers were banished; for they seem to be the only factor blocking progress in these days. Additional cotton mills have been planned, and contracts for the work allotted; extensions to electric-light and power plants are in progress; and a striking movement is seen in the establishment of cement factories. All these have called for machinery, and we understand that for the mills and electric plant British tenders have largely been accepted, while, as evidence of the strong competition now to be faced, the cement factories have principally gone to German firms. The factors operating toward this end are especially important for the engineer selling his goods in China. The margin of safety, the capacity to take an overload and stand rough usage, are probably greater in British machinery than in any other produced. British firms have long adopted this as a principle in their work, and the efficient service to be obtained over a great number of years is what the Chinese call for. German machinery does not allow anything like so great a margin; but still it is there to a certain extent, more so than in the case of several other countries. There is a further consideration, namely, that the Germans have specialized largely in machinery for cement works.

Twenty-four years ago the first modern flour mill was erected in China. There are now 125 up-to-date mills in that country, some of them of large capacity, and China is raising approximately 200,000,000 bushels of wheat per annum to keep them running. This is about one third of the annual wheat crop of the United States. Most of the mills are equipped with American machinery. Shanghai has 21 of these establishments, of which 10 were erected in 1920. However, future development is likely to be farther north, where there is still a surplus of wheat awaiting grinding.

Harbin, in northern Manchuria, has long been an important flour-manufacturing centre. In this region there are 31 mills, 15 of which are under Russian control, 13 under Chinese control, and 3 controlled by Japanese. One of the latter, built in 1906 at a cost of half a million dollars, is the model establishment of the district.

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THE WHALING INDUSTRY

A CONTRIBUTOR, writing upon the basis of 'scientific knowledge and twelve years' experience of the whaling industry,' says that we need not fear the extermination of whales through the operation of the whale-catchers. Whenever the whales in a particular locality become depleted in numbers, through killing or being scared away, — and this point is reached while plenty of whales remain to perpetuate the species, — it no longer is profitable to hunt for them. Even the humpback whales, whose possible extinction has been widely discussed, are still abundant in waters outside the usual fishing area.

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GERMANY'S STRONGHOLD OF REACTION

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

From *Le Figaro, September* 10 *and* 11
(PARIS LIBERAL DAILY)

I DISCOVERED when visiting Munich that any foreigner who wishes to enter Germany to-day can secure a visé from the representatives of her Government without the slightest difficulty. But, in addition to the visé, there is a stamp attached, which tells you that before entering Bavaria you must obtain a special authorization from the local police. Since the Government of Bavaria does not maintain independent diplomatic and consular service, it is necessary to announce your visit by letter or telegram to the Bavarian authorities themselves.

It may take several days or several weeks before you receive a reply, providing you receive one at all.

This is the third time since the war that I have visited Germany. In October 1919, when I made the trip from Paris to Berlin in an automobile, the people were still overwhelmed and stunned by their defeat, and by the Spartacan uprisings and other revolutionary disorders, which were almost daily occurrences. The depression was particularly deep in Berlin. To a person who knew that city before the war, with its perfect law and order, its cleanliness and correctness, its rigid discipline, nothing could be more surprising than its shocking transformation into a tatterdemalion, disorderly, dirty, neglected town of almost Russian aspect. On the street you saw the pale and haggard faces of men and women who had forgotten what it was to have enough to eat. You saw everywhere little, weazened, under-nourished children. The stores were scantily supplied with foods. Merchandise consisted largely of things made of paper and celluloid, and of ingenious substitutes. In front of delicatessen shops and groceries you would always find a crowd, staring with an expression bordering on adoration at some meagre display of sausages and hams. The attitude of the spectators suggested the three Wise Men at the feet of the new-born Saviour. Everybody was in threadbare garments; there was not the slightest display of luxury. You seldom saw an automobile or a carriage.

One evening, during a magnificent presentation of Strauss's *Rosen Kavalier*, the gentlemen and ladies seated near us, who had paid well for their tickets, were all people of the lower class. Between the acts they pulled out of their pockets and handbags repulsive-looking sandwiches, made of bread so black that no one in France would have touched it, which they devoured gluttonously. When the opera was over, I counted just two cabs at the entrance, and these were drawn by miserable skeletons of horses.

Last year, when I visited Germany for the second time, much improvement was to be noted. But this year the change is complete. Order, discipline, propriety of conduct and appearance, have been restored. They are the inborn qualities of the race. No theories — no Bolshevist contagion — can destroy them. If there was ever a Bolshevist peril, in Germany, it no longer exists. The efforts to acclimate

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Communism at Berlin and Munich were doomed to defeat from the outset, because an immense majority of the people will have nothing whatever to do with that sort of thing. We may consider it demonstrated that Bolshevism can germinate and thrive only in a medium of advanced social decomposition, such as existed in Russia after a war which had been protracted beyond the endurance of the country, where the government classes were an almost invisible minority in the great mass of the population, and where a middle class was practically non-existent.

All Germany has got back to work and is rejoicing in its work. There is an intensity in its production. Shops overflow with goods. Take the case of silk stockings. At least one shop out of three displays them prominently in its windows — probably of very ordinary quality, but at a price which defies competition. Germany could inundate the whole universe with them. There are enough shown to keep our *midinettes* happy for months and years. The men and women you meet to-day are comfortably and respectably dressed. Except for an absence of *chic*, especially in the case of women, there is no notable difference between the apparel here and in a French city. The number of automobiles has obviously increased.

However, the most impressive change is in the features of the people. Their faces are again ruddy and healthy. The Germany of to-day is drinking and eating until her appetite is satisfied. Undoubtedly, the cost of living is considerably higher, the mark continues to fall; but wages have risen. Conditions here are what they are elsewhere. People of small fixed incomes are the ones who suffer.

Bavaria has the reputation to-day of being by far the most reactionary, the most militarist, and, let me add, the most hostile to strangers of all Germany. It displays its dislike of foreigners and its militarism with a sort of fierce intensity; instead of concealing these qualities, it advertises them. It is proud of them.

The conservative and clerical reaction that followed the Communist uprising and the ephemeral supremacy of the Reds was exceedingly violent. It swept everything before it. Workingmen and Socialists were disarmed, terrorized, and slaughtered. Their meetings were prohibited and their journals suppressed. Herr Pöhner, Chief of Police of Munich, — one of Ludendorff's protegés, — made everyone feel the weight of his fist. Bavaria is still under martial law, although, in view of the country's perfect tranquillity, there is no excuse for its retention. The authorities retain this procedure because it enables them to arrest people at will, to expel from the country those whom they dislike, and to put their enemies out of the way quietly. This explains why there is not a single radical newspaper in Munich, although the city has a large population of workingmen and Socialists. Perhaps that is putting it too strong. The Prefect of Police, finding the absence of such a journal at times inconvenient, has established a radical paper of his own, supported by public subsidies and edited by his hirelings. He hoped thus to 'manage' the working-people. And he considers it most exasperating that the latter are not perfectly content with this arrangement.

Whoever wishes to overthrow democratic institutions and restore the monarchy, whoever is relentlessly opposed to complying with the terms of the Versailles Treaty, whoever advocates armaments and a war of revenge against France, is looking expectantly toward conservative and militarist Bavaria. Such men hope that this

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country will sound the call to arms, — will start the fiery cross upon its round, to rally the Germans to a new crusade.

Ludendorff, who is the centre of this whole agitation, is residing in one of the suburbs of Munich. He is surrounded by a large group of intriguing ex-officers, men out of a job or retired on half-pay. Many of them are practically in financial distress. They are furious at the loss of their old prestige and privileges. They are ready for any rash enterprise, eager to throw themselves into a political struggle where they have nothing to lose and everything to gain. They are primed for revolt at any moment. They are not deterred by the prospect of fighting and bloodshed, but court them. To them are due the numerous political assassinations that have occurred in Germany since peace was signed. There are not less than 80,000 of these idle officers in the whole country, and no small part of them have come to Bavaria to be near their former commander.

Nothing is of more interest, more absorbingly interesting, than the condition of Germany to-day. The country finds itself at the crossing of the ways. Will it turn to the left and consolidate and establish a democratic government? Will it turn to the right and restore its monarchs, its reactionary institutions, and its militarism? A violent struggle is in progress between advocates of these two courses. The present conflict between conservative Bavaria and the democratic Government at Berlin is but one phase of this bigger battle.

One point should be emphasized at the outset. Separatism or federalism is not involved. Let me repeat it — there is no separatist movement in Germany to-day that is worth mentioning. Federalism has been greatly weakened by the Weimar constitution. What is left of it is rapidly disappearing. Nobody mourns at the grave of federalism. In fact, no one appears to concern himself in the slightest with the subject.

One must live in Munich for a time to appreciate how far the government has gone in the path of reaction. All that has been written and said on the subject falls far short of the truth. Every right and liberty guaranteed the citizens of other countries by their constitution and parliaments is practically suppressed.

The Bavarian government, defying the protests of Berlin, still employs martial law, as we have said, to stifle liberty of the press, to prevent public meetings and demonstrations, and to violate the immunity of the elected representatives of the people. Workingmen and Socialists are not allowed to assemble together for any purpose. If they attempt to meet, the police immediately arrest and imprison their leaders and shoot down the participants. On the other hand, Conservatives can hold any sort of a demonstration they wish. They own the public parks and the streets. They use and abuse their liberties. Hardly a day passes without some regimental reunion being held, which serves as a pretext for a nationalist ceremony. Ludendorff or his lieutenants, and princes of the royal family, are sure to be present. The regular troops send their regimental band. During a recent military fête in Munich, the column of war veterans which participated, and came marching in columns of fours in its old military formation took two hours to pass a given point. But a Socialist procession would not be tolerated for a moment.

They have gone even further than that. The Bavarian police prohibited off-hand the public observance of August 11, the birthday of the German Republic — a day resembling the 14th of July in France, or the 4th of July in the United States: Republicans were

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not permitted to observe the day except privately, 'within their domestic walls.' It would be hard to conceive a more striking exhibition of contempt for the Republic and for the Constitution.

Seven Socialist members of Parliament are now serving prison terms. They are accused of high treason, and there is no hope that they will be pardoned. When the Socialist members enter the hall of Parliament, they are first searched by armed guards, who compel them to empty their pockets, to see that they carry no concealed weapons. The guards also search their desks. When a Socialist member protested against this the other day, the Speaker of the House said bluntly: —

'I gave that order myself. But I am sure that my agents have taken no property from your desk. What are you protesting against, then?'

That is the amount of respect shown for the majesty of Parliament and the dignity of the elected representatives of the people. Naturally, rights and freedom of the private citizens are no better guaranteed. Ever since the Bolshevist insurrection, Bavaria has been under a régime of special courts. These *Volksgerichte* — popular tribunals — consist of two judges and of three jurors appointed by the Government. They try the accused by summary procedure, and there is no appeal from their judgment.

Then there is a 'Black Cabinet,' which censors a good share of the mail. Since my arrival kind friends have informed me that, were I to entrust my manuscripts to the ordinary post, particularly if I were to register them, they would certainly be read, and probably would never reach their destination. Therefore I have taken the precaution to send them through private channels.

Add to all this the inconvenience and insolence that strangers suffer from the police, and you will have a fairly faithful picture of the régime in Bavaria. The Government is essentially behind the times. It recalls the days of the Holy Alliance. Therefore it is not surprising that Munich should be in constant controversy with Berlin. The astonishing thing is that a crisis has not occurred sooner. No wonder the men now in power in Bavaria cling obstinately to martial law. It is just the kind of government men of their type adore.

Martial law is the main issue. The rest is comparatively unimportant. When you ask the present governors of Bavaria, as I have done repeatedly, what their justification is, they will inevitably answer: —

'Martial law is indispensable for the maintenance of order. The workingmen are very restless. They are irritated by the rising cost of living. They are merely waiting for an opportunity to start a riot and insurrection, which our inadequate police force would be powerless to quell.'

Facts contradict these statements. Impartial observers, who have lived here all their lives, say that the workingmen are perfectly peaceable. They are not the ones who are suffering most from the rising cost of living. If there is any city in the world which gives you the impression of an orderly and disciplined population it is Munich.

No, this fear of trouble, this Bolshevist bogey is merely a pretext. What these people are really aiming at is to use the government as an instrument of reaction; as an indispensable rallying point for the enemies of democracy. That is why Ludendorff and his militarist hotheads have taken refuge in Bavaria.

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DRAWN INTO THE VORTEX: THE REMAKING OF AN IRISH MIND

From *La Stampa, September* 8
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

In his negotiations with London, de Valera plays his hand with the assurance that comes from the certain knowledge that he represents all Southern Ireland. Are its people Sinn Feiners without exception, then? If so, why? Were not its voters overwhelmingly Nationalists, followers of John Redmond, before the war? How are we to explain the sudden conversion of all these people to separatism and independence?

I feel that these questions are better answered by a series of private letters that have been placed in my hands by an English friend, than they could be from any official documents and newspaper reports. They are long letters, written when a free expression of opinion in the press was prevented by the authorities. These silent missives of the mail are more deadly destroyers of illusion than if they were administered to their readers in public print.

The letters were written before the Armistice by a Dublin lady whose sons were serving as officers in the British army. They were addressed to a sympathetic English friend. The lady in question was a member of the Viceroy's social circle, and a militant Redmondist.

In the early stages of the war, offices were opened in Ireland for enrolling volunteers. But the island was not in a responsive mood. Asquith's Home Rule Bill, which had just been passed, did not give satisfaction, and few expected it ever to be enforced.

Redmond immediately offered the government the service of the Irish volunteers, which the Nationalists had organized to counterbalance the Unionist volunteers which Carson had armed in the North.

Now let our Dublin lady speak: —

What did the government at London do? Lord P., an Irishman whom our people adore, went to the War Office in the name of the Irish Volunteers and offered their services to Kitchener. The conditions were these: Their first duty would be to defend Ireland. They should be commanded solely by Irish officers. They should be called the Irish Brigade and maintained as a separate organization, even if sent to the front.

Kitchener thought these were reasonable requests, and at once authorized Lord P. to recruit the new brigade. It was to serve as a replacement force for the Irish regiments in France, and there was every reason to expect that at least seventy per cent of the recruits would insist on being sent to the front. When Lord P. was leaving the War Office, radiant at his success, one of His Majesty's civilian officials stopped him and told him that Kitchener was looking at the situation solely from the military point of view, without taking into consideration the political consequences of the proposal. A Committee would review the whole matter that very evening, and Lord P. would be informed of their decision the following morning.

Do you suppose this happened? Five weeks passed, at the end of which the British government replied to the offer of the young men of Ireland with a cold, dry, refusal. Add to that, Lord P., before submitting the matter to Kitchener, took the precaution to call for volunteers in the little village of Bray. Within three hours, more than a thousand men applied for enlistment in the new brigade which the British Government was to reject. Every man and

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woman and boy and girl in Ireland knows the whole story. Hardly a person in England knows anything about the incident, although Dublin has talked of scarcely anything else for months. After this failure, the men in charge of recruiting in Ireland, people who knew their countrymen, resorted to popular methods — torchlight processions, parades of veterans — to neutralize the effect of London's blunder. Thereupon the government prohibited these public demonstrations! They were contrary to precedent! In spite of everything a great deal might have been accomplished after the first failure. But London set its face against it. Imagine the joy of the Sinn Feiners and the wounded pride and rankling resentment of the young men of Ireland!

Sinn Fein utilized this to the utmost. At this time it had but a handful of members.

None the less this little group of men exercised a great influence, because its members knew how to handle our people, what it was expedient to tell them, and what to keep from them. No one knew who the members were. No one admitted that he was a Sinn Feiner. The secret was well guarded. In moments of excitement men might betray sympathy for the movement. In fact that sentiment was often exhibited by the people least suspected of affiliation with it. This microscopic minority, however, contained some of the shrewdest men in Ireland. Its headquarters were in Belfast, in the very heart of Carson's stronghold. It had already built up a wonderful organization covering the whole island. Its members at once set out to prevent enlistments, and when the government's spellbinders recounted to their auditors the history of German atrocities, the Sinn Feiners would whisper in the ears of the people the more tragic episodes of seven centuries of English rule in Ireland. They told the people exactly what the people wished to hear. They inculcated in them the conviction that they were victims of age-long martyrdom. Asquith's Home Rule? They cursed it. They said: 'Just wait and see. England is merely lying to you again. She'll never put the law into effect. They will set up a Unionist Cabinet which will repeal the bill and make it a dead letter.'

When we heard these prophecies we lost heart, for we knew they would only too probably prove true. But above all, the Sinn Feiners hated Redmond. Oddly enough they always praised Carson. They made a great deal of the example of his armed distrust and defiance of the powers in London. They called him 'a good rebel.' They professed much gratitude to the Ulster Volunteers; because had it not been for them there would be no Irish Volunteers in the South, standing rifle in hand. Everyone in Ireland gave ear to this kind of talk. When I tried to defend Redmond, 'Redmond the traitor,' my words were invariably received with hatred, expressed openly to my face. None the less it is a fact that all the Sinn Feiners whom I met in those days were greatly depressed. They were constantly lamenting because the masses of the people would not follow them, and admitted with bitterness that only a microscopic minority were faithful to Ireland, were loyal guardians of the sacred fire.

Meanwhile the government's methods of recruiting were a constant source of friction.

The Chief Secretary of that department was an Englishman from London, who was incredibly ignorant of the Irish character. Although our people in the office did their utmost to prevent their English colleagues from coming into contact with other Irishmen, the latter unintentionally kept making matters worse.

So things drifted on to the insurrection of 1916. The Sinn Feiners staged a violent outbreak in the streets of Dublin on the eve of Easter Sunday, under the very nose of Birrel, then Secretary for Ireland.

It was a general try-out. None of us will ever forget Birrel's Homeric laughter when the incident was narrated to him. He regarded the Irish as bright, interesting children, who were to be petted and given chocolate if they were good, and threatened with a severe spanking if they were bad; however, so long as it depended on him

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they would never really get the spanking. He had the same attitude that every Englishman has when he wants to be kind. And how quick we were to meet them halfway under such circumstances. We returned every evidence of good-will with interest. But don't try to use force. Force merely arouses the seven devils in us. We still have good English friends here who honestly want to do the best thing for Ireland. They are men whom we admire and love; but even these men cannot comprehend that we want to run our own affairs, and that our present dependence on England is our ruin.

Dependence — ruin! There you are. Strong words for the time when they were spoken. But significant as the first reaction of a calm and loyal mind towards the Separatists' ferment. The time when this mind will be drawn into the Sinn Fein vortex has not yet arrived.

Dublin is still in the throes of its red Easter. And the first view that it offers, beyond the barricades, is a battalion of English troops who have just arrived and know nothing of the city, and have not even a map of the town, firing madly at the Vice-Regal Palace and the barracks at the instigation of a passing rebel.

But the other troops conducted themselves very well. How the poor devils hated the work they were doing! They were lavish with their apologies when requisitioning quarters. They said they knew that the Irish were a nation of fighters, and that their chief fear was that the Sinn Fein people would not surrender. They fired at them hoping that the Sinn Feiners had taken timely precaution to provide a safe way to retreat. They commented on what a fearful trial it was for us. I confessed to one of the officers that I was tortured with sympathy for these poor boys of my own race and blood; that I was fairly beside myself with worry about them. He added that it was most painful also for him and for his men. He complained that they should not have been sent here on such a task.

And the English troops have been well received. They were ill supplied with money and rations. All of us at Dublin gave them food, cigarettes and candy, although we ourselves were feeling the pinch. They said: 'We know perfectly well that we have not treated the Irish right, but we have voted to give them Home Rule and we want to compensate them for past injustice!' After that, we were the best of friends.

First of all, however, even at that early date, the people of Dublin were friends of the Rebels.

A great majority of our people were innocent, and England must not hold us accountable for the misdeeds of the Sinn Fein lads. We can feel nothing but pity and forgiveness for them. It makes no difference how much distress they have brought upon us, they are poor misguided lads and are blood of our blood. Even the wife of the Viceroy, though she is outwardly composed, is cut to the heart by their suffering. The Irish blood of the O'Briens runs in her veins. Naturally this was not an Irish revolt. It was merely a Sinn Fein uprising. Even a great majority of the Sinn Feiners are innocent. They were misled by propaganda stories. They came to Dublin for rations for two days and nothing more. They were greatly disconcerted when they heard that they were expected to start a rebellion. Some absolutely refused, thinking it was a mad enterprise and that Ireland would not endorse it. The leaders, however, are dreamers and mystics. They felt certain that they would start things going — that all of us, except the Ulster malcontents, would rally to the cause of the Republic. How often have I laughed and ridiculed the ingenuous thought of an Irish Republic! It is so desperately un-Irish!

We are at the same time monarchists and democrats — worshipers of the King, followers of a leader. Naturally we should prefer our King of Tara; naturally we wish to see our country freed from a foreign yoke — and what is more, we intend it shall be free. But any man of common sense knows this must be done with Englands' consent, not against its will; and King George, in whose veins there flows pure Irish blood, undoubtedly has an incontestable right to the throne of Ireland.

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A little later, several Sinn Fein leaders were shot. They were, in spite of their non-Irish republicanism — good, brave men.

They died like saints, and Ireland had such need of them. They were men with characters of adamant, of high literary gifts, who held aloft the torch of their inspiration. What madness seized them? There was nothing base or common in their act. They led the purest of lives. The priest who attended them at their execution said: 'We should ask them to pray for us, rather than we pray for them. They have precipitated Ireland into a fearful abyss in seeking to save her from it. They have cast down their country in the mire of agony and shame, when they sought to lift her to her feet. What mad folly misled them? They said: "You will say hard, harsh things of us, and be angry with us, but later you will see better." Already their prophecy is coming true. Unless England changes her course at once, unless it adopts a policy of kindness and conciliation toward Ireland, the leaders of Sinn Fein will be canonized. You ought to know the veneration in which the men who have been executed are held.' Public sentiment has already swung around. When they caught sight of Ireland, the Irish soldiers cursed, murmuring: 'They are fighting our own people.' The rebels are dying like Irishmen. A great wave of Christian sympathy has poured forth for the young men — for the young husbands, for the young lads hardly more than boys, who have left home, wife and family behind, and are imprisoned in England. There is no time to lose. We are idealists; every one here from the highest to the lowest realizes that these men, wrong as they may be, are suffering and dying for an ideal. And you know that for us an ideal is more than the Empire — and God thinks so too.

None the less, this lady recognizes that what is called English tyranny is so only in a relative sense.

England had done nothing to invite this insurrection. None of us expected it. All of us knew that there might be trouble after the war; we never suspected that the Sinn Feiners were capable of this. Many members of their families were opposed to them. Parents frequently condemned the ideas of their sons — the explosion, the surprise, and oh, the horror and disgrace of it all! And the English troops, to be honest, have shown no harshness, none of their old-time brutality. They have been generous and sympathetic. But they honestly believe that we shall never be capable of self-government because they do not understand us. If they would only let us get out of our troubles ourselves. We have the means of recovery; we shall rise again; nothing can crush us.

But as time went on the situation grew more complicated. One evening rifle shots were heard under the windows; some Sinn Feiners fell.

To-day we no longer sit in sackcloth and ashes. The reaction has come. All our bitterness against the Sinn Fein leaders, who seemed to be rushing us headlong into ruin, has disappeared. We think kindly and indulgently of them. At first men said: 'They are destroying themselves and ruining Ireland for nothing.' To-day we believe that some good will come out of all this evil. Everyone is saying: 'God forgive them. In spite of the mortal hatred which spurs them to action, in spite of the fact that they do not stop to reason, they are dear, sympathetic men; and the rank and file are innocent young boys, full of enthusiasm, their heads filled with tales of Ireland's suffering under English rule.'

So far as the war is concerned, we Irish look the facts in the face. We have lost hope. We know that Germany cannot conquer, but we believe that victors and vanquished will be on a level when the war is over. Looking at the situation with more aloofness than you do, we see better than you the faults and blunders of both sides. We shall never forget, for example, the useless sacrifice of the Tenth Irish Regiment at Gallipoli, its magnificent valor, and how the English press ignored the whole incident.

And so before the war was over, all Southern Ireland had been drawn into the Sinn Fein vortex. All that has hap-

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pened since is but the logical sequel of what happened then. This human document shows clearly how truth and legend, how reason and unreason, how cool calculation and unreflecting passion have combined to produce the present situation, and how tremendous the difficulties which face the men whose task it is to solve them.

A great Birmingham manufacturer who read these letters, appended to them this typical English comment: —

I am returning the Irish letters. They are the saddest and most discouraging presentation of the situation that I have read. If they mirror the real soul of Ireland, as we have every reason to believe, it seems to me hopeless ever to expect a lasting settlement of our difficulties. The incoherence, the unfounded hatred, the constant complaints about the past without constructive recommendations for the future, prove, in my opinion, that the Irish are absolutely incapable of managing their own affairs.

THE POETS OF BOLSHEVISM

BY DR. HANS VON ECKHART

[*The recent death of Alexander Block, 'the best-known lyric poet of modern Russia,' has been the occasion of several articles upon the* belles lettres *of Bolshevism. The following is by a member of a distinguished family of German officials, of conservative antecedents, who have seen much service in Russia. A translation of Alexander Block's* The Twelve *was printed in* The Living Age *May* 15, 1920.]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, August* 18
(Liberal Daily)

While the representatives of the Russian Intelligentsia and the upper classes of the old régime have proved true to the type of all *emigrés* in that they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing, the Russia of the Bolsheviki is fairly a-boil with seething, passionate turmoil of mind and soul. Its intellectual controversies are by no means confined to the exegesis of Karl Marx. Russia's most recent literature represents the quest and heralding of a new life-vision — a vision doubtless in more perfect accord with the nation's recent political experience than any other in its mental history. The same pathos broods over whatever is associated with Bolshevism — and since hundreds of thousands, if not millions, have made Communism in some of its ever-changing forms their creed, the Bolshevist poets are closer to the heart of the nation, and truer interpreters of its emotions, than the *emigré* Intelligentsia and the champions of the artificially isolated and lifeless literary traditions of the past. In the words of Mayakadsky, the new poets, in sharp contrast to their pre-March brethren, profess the religion of revolution, the religion of action, of spiritual dynamics, of 'the quickened heart-beat.' Ustrayalov writes: 'The heavy sceptre of Ivan the Cruel rules Russia: but under that sceptre the roses of the spirit blossom, as once on a time they did upon

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the staff of Aaron.' This faith in action marks a profound transformation in the race — from the ideal of passive and contemplative holiness to the passion for doing and accomplishing.

Bolshevism's activism is like new blood transfused into the veins of a languishing nation which had been narcotized by the drug of Nihilism. The new poets are not foreigners and strangers, but as truly Russian as the old leaders of the Intelligentsia; but they are men born anew. They are men of action, who no longer comprehend the men of contemplation, of passive faith, of resignation. To hear them speak and to read their writing, one might suppose that they were born of other mothers and had no kinship with the world-weary defeated mourners of the past. But that is not true. The pre-March poets and the poets of the new era are brothers in the spirit, as Cain and Abel were brothers. They are fratricides divided by a relentless family feud.

Valleri Bryusov, who has been one of the most popular lyric poets of Russia for the past ten years, has helped to widen the breach between them. He empties the vials of his revolutionary wrath upon his former admirers in a poem entitled *Invectives*.

You once loved tragedy and downfall and the terrors of the new deluge. You asked yourselves whether Old Europe was to end in fire or on the gallows. And now what you yearned for has come to pass. You find yourselves cast from the ordinary paths of life and the prose of everyday affairs into a world that still seems unreal. Thrones have been shattered to fragments. What hovered vague and dreamlike before your vision has now been fulfilled in a winter's tempest. Why do you, who professed to long and languish for these things, now look askance, staring at them over your shoulders as you flee with terror-distended eyes? Why do you not, instead, rush forth to welcome the new era? Why do you not plunge into the midst of the fight? Why do you look so sadly back to what is passed and gone? Were you mere fantasts? Were you æsthetic dilettantes, who loved your dream only in the distance; who could endure the new or vital only in books and in the jingling rhyme of poets?

So that is the dividing line, the barrier between the old literature and the new. On one side stand the fantasts, the æsthetes, the bookmen, the dreamers; on the other the men of action, of deeds, of resolution. The difference is not due to will, to aims, to ancestry, or to environment. It is due to the nature of the men. Both schools are equally eager, equally passionate in their love and hatred. But they are men moved by different forces, by different inspirations. The young school consists of the red-blooded men of today; the old school, of the men of resignation, of physical lethargy, averse to the compulsion of facts, incapable of comprehending the need of action. The new message in Russian literature is: the act consecrates the means — the act is in itself great, powerful, and good, and cleaves a passage to a newer and higher life.

This point of view is, to be sure, neither new nor revolutionary. It is in no way an all-redeeming ideal, though it may seem necessary, absolute, and final to men having the Oriental temperament of the Russians. But seen from this standpoint, — in the light of this revelation of the divinity of action, — the past, and civilization itself, acquire a new aspect. Whatever burdens, hinders, counteracts, or prevents action, whatever draws men aside to reflection and introspection, is false, evil, destructive; all eras which have not driven forward toward some goal, which have not thirsted for something new which they would not be denied; all minds which have merely pondered and meditated and prayed, are brushed aside, and only the eras and men who

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have pushed resistlessly forward, who have overturned things, who have fought and struggled, are accounted great and honored as examples. Christ himself leads the twelve soldiers in his white garb; when they break a path for revolution, He becomes the god of the doers, the agitator of heaven. Alexander Block's famous poem, *The Twelve*, preaches hatred of the old world, 'of the slinking cur,' of the lazy bourgeois, of those who betrayed, of the maiden nation, of all that belongs to yesterday, which fancied itself sheltered by its golden altar-pictures, and now has become the booty of the Red Guards — of these new soldiers, who, though stupid and brutal, none the less know one thing, and do one thing: serve the cause of revolution.

> For the bourgeois woe and sorrow
> We shall start a world-wide fire,
> And with blood that fire we'll blend.
> Lord, thy blessing on us send!

And, indeed, the White Christ leads the Red flags and the patrols of barefooted guardists who but yesterday were hoodlums. Scorn for resolutions, for national assemblies, with their dull prating; and glory and honor and triumph to the will alone! Europe seems a slothful sleeper and the world a secluded dreamer to this fury of the will, to this whirlwind of unfettered brute-action, to this madness for doing things. This explains the faith of these new poets, that they are bringing the world something new and before unknown; that they are the bearers of true revolution; that their clarion call to revolution will really awaken the sleeping world and rally its peoples to revolt.

Thus Alexander Olenin writes: 'We, who stand on the summit of the universe, are wiser than Buddha, than Christ, than Confucius — and we summon loud and clear, with untiring notes, all humanity to the colors of world revolution.' Other Bolshevist poets express the same idea. Peter Oryeschin writes: —

> The West has collapsed with terror — the East fights bloody battles. Holy Mother Earth is shaken by the tread of millions of marching feet. The crescent has left the Mosque; the crucifix the Church. The end of Paris impends, for the East has lifted its sword. I saw tawny Chinamen leering through the windows of the Urals. India washes its garments as for a festival. From the steppes rises the smoke of sacrifice to the new god. London shall sink beneath the waves. Gray Berlin shall lie in ruins. Sweet will be the pain of the noblest who fall in battle. Down from Mount Blanc hordes will sweep through God's golden valleys. Even the Kirghiz of the steppes will pray for a new era.

The primary inspiration of this poetry is not political but religious. For the revival of religion, a transformation of the content of religion, is the principal theme of every Bolshevist poet. The world revolution is to synthesize all religious truth, to produce the religion of the common people, to unite in one brotherhood the divinity of Christ, Buddha, Confucius, and Allah. They thus return to the Russian conception of orthodoxy as universal Christianity, but in a changed and more generalized sense. Theirs, however, is not the religion of the meek and the suffering: it is the evangel of victors, of the serried ranks of triumphant restorers. Russians of this type will have naught of Dostoyevskys or Tolstoy's holiness of suffering, blessing of poverty and devotion, of the humble and afflicted. To them the people are now sovereign, and not only free, but also masters — masters without limit. This religiosity is so imbued with the novel, un-Russian, masterful arrogance of liberated slaves, that it is in its own eyes godlike, and near to God.

It is difficult to describe the quite brazen boldness of this attitude — its blasphemous exaltation and self-con-

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fidence. It is as if its possessors had just emerged from the darkness of superstition and devil worship — it is Russian orthodoxy freed from the fetters of its cult, the narrowness of its dogmas, the obscurantism of the church, the authority of the priests, and the symbol of the cross. It is really a Christian doctrine, without the crucifixion of Christ. It is a resurrected Christianity, without Golgotha and the crown of thorns. Men have swung from the extreme of expiation and self-abnegation to the extreme of conscious, earthly, Olympian bliss. It is an attempt to erect a Christianity without the antithesis of the devil or damnation or hell or death — and without the forgiveness of sins, which no longer exist. The new Jerusalem glows in the blood. Death has ceased to be death; for through its portals nations no longer pass to an unknown beyond, but to a glorious future of higher and perfected humanity upon our own terrestrial globe.

Consequently, this is not a faith for individuals, for the personal soul, but a faith for nations, for communities. No, it is broader than that: it is a faith for mankind as a whole. Bolshevist Russia believes itself the mother of the world, the comforter of peoples; and it knows the rest of the world so imperfectly that it believes its evangel is equally needed and desired by all. It seems to the Bolsheviki as if the prehistoric pagan hero of the Slavs had suddenly received the faith of the White Christ — or more exactly, as if the Scythians had forgotten their early ancestors and all their Christian past of monks, church, and holy synod. What remains, and indeed is strengthened, is the old orthodox spirit of world-proselyting; but bereft of its old content and proletarianized by Socialism.

We get a better idea of this new Christianity if we compare it with the songs of sorrow which the poets of the older school still address to their ancient, overthrown, and dishonored god of love and mercy. For example, Ilya Ehrenburg writes: —

> We shall cry out in the wilderness at our trespasses and shortcomings. Almighty God, have pity upon our country, upon this drunken, naked, great land, dedicated to Thee! We sought to escape from our sorrows and to be happy. We began to breathe the air of freedom, but we fell in the mire and lie prostrate there. How, O Lord, are thy slaves to live?

The central thought of these old-school poets is the new crucifixion of Christ and the rule of Barabbas. They all feel the disgrace which the 'flaming Bajazzos' with their 'red cancan' have brought upon them and their mother-country. Their poems are a cry of protest and fury, and, at the same time, a prayer, a hope, and a confession of faith. But they disclose no remedy, point out no path. They feel that they are deserted by Europe. Their faith remains, but it is a faith in the blessing of sorrow, of chastisement, and atonement. And, even here, there appears again the old idea of redeeming the world, of the salvation of mankind through Russia, that explains the reproaches they address to other nations: 'Why do you let us perish, we whose mission it is to bring true Christianity to the world?' They exhibit the same unworldliness, the same limitations of mind and culture, the same simplicity, and the same impatient eagerness to impose the fate of Russia upon all mankind. They are exactly like the Bolsheviki, in addressing themselves to the whole world and conceiving that they are laboring for humanity at large. Vassaly Kamensky expresses this in his *Springtime of the Nation:* 'Let us bare our arms and begin to build a world; and you, the only thinker of the

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globe, the only true government, begin to think for all.'

The Bolshevist poets, in trying to explain Russia and the Revolution, find both inseparably associated with the task of guiding all humanity. While the Russians of the old school believe in their country's world mission, but do not know what its immediate task may be, the Bolsheviki see their first duty in the Orient. Sinovyev declared at Halle that world revolution would begin with an uprising of the Asiatic nations; the poets of Bolshevism likewise look forward to Russia's ascendancy in the East. They coördinate Russian with Oriental. Becoming again Scythians, they renew their kinship with Old Asia and turn their backs on Europe. Russia's pressure toward the East was never exclusively political, never due entirely to greed for territory; it was an impulse begotten of the spirit of the Russian government and people — a temperamental affinity with which the world must always reckon. Dostoyevsky tells us how the Russians look upon the civilizing of Asia as their world mission, how their advance into Asia was to them a sacred labor. We need only to recall Russia's history to realize this. From the moment the currents of Asia met in the Russian people, the latter have sought to remain in contact with their mother continent, to identify themselves with Asia.

We must therefore recognize that, sooner or later, a synthesis of Russia and Asia is certain to occur. Russia and Europe do not comprehend each other. They are strangers to each other in the deepest sense of the word. But Russia and Asia are kin, and know each other in their hearts. Is not the Russia of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky more like the Asia of Buddha than like the Europe of the Roman Empire, the Renaissance, Luther, Kant, and Goethe? To be sure, our present-day Russians of the Soviet are not exactly the direct heirs of Pan-Slavism. Quite the contrary. They have changed with the problems which confront them.

For the first time in centuries, the Russians have again become aware — and frankly confess it — that they are Asiatics with an unquenchable thirst for Europe. And this reveals a world-problem, a world-fate far profounder, more tragic, more insurmountable than any attraction which the Orient exercises over weary Westerners. It is much more vivid and real than our longing to comprehend the Orient and to extract the essence from its foreign culture. For, in case of Russia, the contrast is not between two civilizations, which, however different in their teachings and spirit, are nevertheless of the same intellectual substance, but it is the contrast between civilization and anti-civilization, between the instinct to build up and the instinct to tear down, between the nature of man and the nature of beasts. The barbarous East and the enlightened West are rallying for a last struggle; and between them stands the Russian — a barbarian, an Asiatic, and a Christian in one.

It was an earlier stage in this long warfare when the Mongols threatened Europe. To-day the battle is to be resumed. Europe must decide on which side Russia shall enroll itself. If Europe leaves the Russians in the lurch, they will merge themselves in Asia. The question no longer is Western Europe *vs.* Russia, or cosmopolitan Europe *vs.* narrow nationalism; but the far clearer and more significant issue; Europe *vs.* Asia, and civilization *vs.* barbarism. The Revolution has revealed to the Russians their Asiatic ancestry. Pushkin, Tyutchev, and Vladimir Solovyev had a prophetic glimpse of this. The only philosopher that the youngest Russia has produced knew it. He saw

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that the Russian mind would not be developed in fruitless conflict with the West, but in its inevitable struggle against the 'world nihilism' of the East. Because that struggle seemed inevitable, the best minds of Russia awaited with impatience pan-Mongolism. Andre Byely predicted that Russia's apocalyptic mission would be to unify Europe, to reconcile the churches of the West and the East, and to fight with Europe their common battle. Ivanoff Rasumnik, the Russian literary historian, pointed out certain historical tendencies, which were recognized in a coarse and cannibalistic form by the German Kaiser when he summoned the nations of Europe to defend their holiest treasures. In order to understand the processes of thought of these Russians, particularly of Alexander Block, the author of *The Scythians*, we must try to share the feeling of despair that seized the Russian revolutionists when they realized that Europe repudiated their revolution and fought and hated it. They fancied they were to free Europe from its fetters of falsehood and materialism. They supposed they were bringers of the true light. It was too late when they realized that they were not sacrificing themselves for Europe, and that Europe would have nothing of their sacrifice, of their barbarous inflexibility, of their impossible absolutism.

Alexander Block's poetical manifesto, *The Scythians*, is a cry of despair at the misunderstanding which exists between the Russians and ourselves. It is a last call for help and at the same time, the first threat to turn to Asia.

You are millions. We are the unnumbered sons of darkness. Have your way. Fight us. Yes, we are Scythians. Yes, we are Asiatics. Our eyes are oblique and greedy. Yours have been the centuries. Ours is this single moment. We were but abject slaves, but we held the shield that sheltered Europe when its races fought the Mongols. For centuries Europe has scanned the East, waiting for the hour when the cannon would again demand a new sacrifice of blood. Ah, thou old world! Bethink thyself, and like a new Œdipus try once to solve the riddle of the Sphinx. The Sphinx is Russia, tormented, strangled in its own blood. Russia stares with eyes filled with love and hate at the Old World. This Russia loves so ardently, loves with its heart's blood, loves in a way which you have long ceased to know. For you have forgotten that there is such a thing as love which burns and consumes. We love all and understand all — the keen intellects of the Gauls, the dark genius of the Germans; and we remember all — the hell of the Paris streets, the cool vistas of the canals of Venice, the towering spires of Cologne's cathedral. Come back to us, come to our arms while there is time, and let us be brothers. . . . But if you do not come, then know that we have nothing to lose, and we, too, can betray and break our oaths. We will turn away from Europe, and let you see our Asiatic visage. . . . Come! Come just to the Urals. We'll leave the field to you. We will no longer be your shields, but we shall watch this last battle. We shall not lift a hand when the brutal barbarians of the East rifle your corpses, when your cities are in ashes, when the nomad stables his horses in your cathedrals, and when the bodies of our white brothers are burning in the general conflagration.

Even this imperfect translation, which merely suggests the force of the original, shows plainly enough how the Scythian Russians regard themselves and Europe. There we have the whole burden and tragedy of Russia's fate: to be set midway between the hostile fronts in the battle of the Occident with the Orient; to be bound by ties of blood with both Europe and Asia, and to be forced to choose where there is no choice.

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MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, 'APOSTATE'

BY 'GENOSSE'

[*The proposed lecture tour of Maximilian Harden in the United States — now reported to have been canceled on account of his ill health — was regarded as something of an event in the European press world.*]

From *Avanti, September* 1
(MILAN OFFICIAL SOCIALIST DAILY)

So Maximilian Harden also is to become an *emigré!* The fact has been telegraphed to the whole world as if he were a king, or an emperor. He is to abandon his native country, Germany, of which he has professed to be so devoted a son, and to betake himself to America, the land of dollars. This cannot be in quest of a fortune, for he already has one. More likely he seeks the applause, the circle of admirers, the field of activity which he no longer has in Germany — the field he lost there the moment that those leaders, who had been the marks for his poisoned missles, fell from power to make way for a republic less vulnerable to his type of attack.

And when he vanishes from the stage, naturally his personal organ, *Die Zukunft,* will cease to appear. For many years it was the battering ram with which he assaulted fortress after fortress, the catapult with which he hurled the boulders of his wrath and scorn against his enemies — often winning brilliant victories, often suffering bitter defeats, but always adding to his personal notoriety and proving himself, in his own words, 'the man who says the opposite.' He 'said the opposite' indeed, but with such grace of style, such clarity of exposition, such courage, and such utter lack of scruple, that it is easy to understand how he became a power in the public life of his country, and how his departure should be trumpeted to the four winds as if a monarch had abdicated.

He signed himself Maximilian Harden, and the very pseudonym was a challenge. Did they accuse him of apostasy? Well and good, Harden was not ashamed of his act; it was his right. He prided himself upon the title. What for others would have been a stain of infamy became for him a badge of glory.

It is the third name he has borne. He did not always call himself Harden. In earlier life he was Wittkovsky. That was an honored name. His father had been one of those excellent, sincere, loyal Democrats who were the honor of Germany in 1848. He had been a friend of the elder Liebknecht and Bebel. Those gentlemen, many years later, at the Dresden Congress, still referred with pleasure to the evenings when they talked late into the night, debating, with 'that most honorable man,' political and social questions upon which they could never agree.

But Wittkovsky was a Jew, and in the Germany of the Hohenzollerns and of Bismarck that was not a good recommendation for a youth who would advance in public life. And Isidore Wittkovsky was ambitious, very ambitious. Therefore he washed his record clean by a Christian baptism. Were not similar

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conversions everyday events in the land of thinkers and of poets? Were there not thousands of examples to prove the magic virtue of a little consecrated water? However, baptism was not enough to ensure a brilliant career to the son of a well-known Democrat. Wittkovsky — what a name! Isidore, besides! Where could you find a name that was less German? So Isidore Wittkovsky became Maximilian Harden. That was his certificate of true-blue Germanism. That was his first apostasy. And once well started, his shrewdness and genius brooked no barriers. This German Semite speedily developed a spontaneous, irresistible love of combat. His many-sided talent made him a prototype and worthy son of the society in which he lived. He pushed forward. *Durch Dick und Dünn* — through thick and thin, as the Germans say — he pushed forward.

Let me cite an example. In those days *Vorwärts* was publishing articles by Hartleben, the poet, one of the most sympathetic and spontaneous writers of modern Germany. But *Vorwärts* constantly received anonymous letters attacking the poet. Who was the author? One fine day they discovered. It was Maximilian Harden, Hartleben's bosom friend. When the latter discovered what Harden had been doing he ejaculated: 'Stupid swine!' When this was reported to Maximilian Harden, he merely remarked in his careless superior way: 'Swine! Pooh, let that pass. But stupid! Ah, *das tut weh!* That hurts.' There you have a revelation of the man.

Indeed, he is not stupid, quite the reverse. Harden has one of the best heads that Germany has produced during the last thirty years. He possesses exceptional historical and literary erudition. He is a stylist of the very first rank. He is a master of the German tongue, which he knows how to use with extraordinary force and skill. He can caress with it as well as he can cut with it.

He knows the modern political and diplomatic history of Germany down to the minutest detail. He is particularly conversant with its most obscure and secret passages, with the deepest of its underground intrigues. Above all he has a wonderfully sensitive faculty of foreseeing coming events in the political world — a faculty resembling that obscure instinct in animals which enables them to foretell changes of the weather and other natural phenomena. He is also like those animals in betaking himself betimes to cover.

This explains his frequent changes of opinion and of platform. He dons this mask or that, as if he were an actor. In fact, when he was a young man, he was for a time on the stage; and he retains something from that experience. But when he has once espoused a cause, or set out to gain an object, he will defend the first and pursue the second with ardor, persistence, and extraordinary skill.

The idea of Harden in the rôle of Cato is, of course, laughable. It is amusing, perhaps, to conceive an apostate as a castigator of public morals. None the less he has lanced many an ugly tumor in German political life, with wholesome results. Everyone remembers his campaign against the 'Round Table' — a group of political and moral perverts who surrounded Wilhelm II. That was no tilting against windmills. It was a campaign which not only brought upon him onerous and disagreeable labor, but also exposed him to personal danger. But was there a single man in Germany who believed that his campaign against this canker in the country's public life was inspired by candid and spontaneous moral indignation?

Harden has been an unusually lucky man. He had several confidential talks

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with Bismarck. How many, no one knows. It is said that, as the period which has elapsed since Bismarck's death grows longer, Harden constantly adds to his list of anecdotes showing his intimacy with the Iron Chancellor. However that may be, after Bismarck's fall Harden became his champion. Was Bebel right? 'Harden, with his keen sense for money, felt sure that by defending the old Berserker, the old fire-eater, he would be able to make hundreds of thousands of marks!'

Whatever the reason, Harden became, as we have said, the champion of the Junkers, of the Bismarck militarists. He attacked Wilhelm II's degenerate and effeminate Court. That is why he inaugurated his campaign against the Round Table. He fought the whole post-Bismarck policy. He became the trusted friend of all who were dissatisfied with the new government. His political organ *Die Zukunft*, became the channel through which every disaffected diplomat, and courtier, and politician, and business man poured forth his bile, and Harden profited abundantly thereby.

But the just claims and grievances of the proletariat never touched his heart. When he founded *Die Zukunft*, he did invite Bebel, the older Liebknecht, and Engels to write for it. From Bismarck to Engels! What a hit for the new review! But Bebel and Liebknecht, who knew him well, did not even reply to his request. Engels, who was living in London, did not know who Harden was and what he was trying to do, so he wrote him a most courteous letter but declined his invitation. Harden used to brag about that letter. He would pass it about among his friends as if it were a scalp in his belt.

But the proletariat never had a more implacable enemy than he. From the first number of *Die Zukunft* in 1891, the apostate persistently attacked the Socialist party, impugning its motives and its honesty. He compared the Erfurt Congress, where the great party platform was drafted, with the Council of Nice. He drew a parallel between the doctrine of the class struggle and the dogma of the consubstantiation of the three persons in the Trinity. From that date there was not a conflict between the proletariat and its exploiters, in which Harden did not rally at once to the defense of capital. Whether Jew or Christian, money was ever his god.

He paid obeisance to capital, to militarism, and to imperialism, even when these were defiling themselves with their bloodiest orgies. So he was greedy to have Germany take Belgium, and the French mines, and the English colonies. But as soon as his sensitive nostrils caught the first faint premonitory scent of coming disaster, the harlequin quickly changed his garb. He became a pacifist, a renunciator, a democrat, a republican. He wrote formidable invectives against the policy of Berlin.

But if the war had turned out otherwise?

Yes indeed, the war was a great teacher. It taught several lessons to Harden as well as to other people. But few will stake their faith on the pacificism and the democracy of the man who for so many years idealized Bismarck, and the Junkers and militarists. They will place as little faith in the sincerity of his new creed as they placed in the spontaneous conversion of Wittkovsky into Harden, the apostate.

Now we are told that he is to desert his ungrateful fatherland and migrate to America. That is the country of unbounded possibilities. Who knows? Perhaps a new career awaits him there. Though he is sixty years old, he still retains the agility of youth.

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THE BERLIN STOCK EXCHANGE

DR. ADOLPH ROEDER

From the *Berliner Tageblatt, September* 1
(LIBERAL DAILY)

BURGSTRASSE suddenly wakes up at eleven in the morning. The street behind the Cathedral takes on new life. Automobiles, ranging all the way from rickety taxis to luxurious high-powered limousines, stop every moment before a monumental structure, surmounted by a statue of Prussia protecting trade and industry. Seemingly, endless rows of machines are parked in front of the main entrance and the side entrance. Lucky ventures on the Exchange during the war, and since then, have enabled many a man to keep a luxurious automobile, which he uses to establish his financial standing here.

But other groups come on the electric cars and on foot. People greet and call to each other as they ascend the entrance-steps, and pause to exchange confidential conjectures as to the morning's market.

In the lobby, hats, overcoats, and walking-sticks are checked. Even the check-boys drop comments on the market as they bow respectfully to their patrons: —

'Again remarkably firm.'

Passing through a revolving door, we are projected at once into the noisy confusion of the Exchange itself. It is to be an active day. Any man familiar with Exchange life comprehends the situation at a glance, although the clerks have not yet begun to post official quotations.

From eleven until noon is occupied with preparatory labors. Brokers look over their orders and hand them to the recording clerks, who enter them, page after page.

A dense crowd is pushing and shoving in front of the brokers' booths. What is called 'free trading' has already begun. Offerings and takings flash from member to member. Men interested in a particular line of securities cluster in separate groups. People crowd closer together. Hands wave high in the air. You see men clutching their notebooks eagerly, and nodding and shaking their heads at each other. It is impossible to hear yourself speak. There is a perfect din of bass voices, treble voices, and voices of every pitch and tone shouting, '20 bid for Phœnix!' Soon it is '30 bid,' and before you can turn around, quotations have arisen 30 to 50 per cent. Everywhere you keep hearing, 'Bid, bid.' Whatever the favorites, — Gelfen, Hoesch, Thale, and what not — it is always, 'Bid.' You turn to another group, quite as chaotically busy as the others.

'What's Daimler?'

'Seventeen bid, 18 asked.'

'Five thousand.'

People speak in telegram style; names are abbreviated, quotations are given in tens, hundreds, or fractions alone. It is all Greek to a layman — as unintelligible as the clattering of a mill-wheel.

By this time business is humming in every section of the Exchange. The quotation clerks have covered their boards with *plus, plus, plus*. Certain securities are sky-rocketing. Many of

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the boards cannot hold the figures; and one group of brokers has posted on its board merely the members' names with plus signs after them, indicating that all the paper they handle is in the rising market.

Twelve o'clock. The official quotations of the paper traded in to-day are being posted. As dealing speeds up, the noise becomes even more deafening. Men run hither and thither as if bereft of their reason, shouting, gesticulating, making the most grotesque signs and motions. Some of them are simply carrying messages. Others are employees and members of brokers' firms filling commissions. Still others are gathering quotations for banks, telegraph companies, and newspapers. Many students earn part of their expenses by picking up quotations and performing similar services on the Exchange during their free hours.

One o'clock. The movement of prices for stocks and securities is now being officially posted. Again the crowds storm the brokers' booths. The faces of the quotation clerks grow red. The veins of their foreheads stand out. Figures after figures dance in long columns up and down their books, in their heads, in the air. A true devil's dance of numerals! The little announcement-slips in front of their booths begin to give official quotations, which thereafter are to rule on the Exchange. Again there is a general chase to the telegraph and telephone instruments. People are running in and out of the postal station. Dozens of telegrams are crowded into the receiving boxes for urgent and for ordinary dispatches. The bankers' tables in the alcoves of the main Exchange hall are piled high with orders received by telegraph and by mail. Lead pencils are flying over the paper. Everywhere feverish activity.

On the steps down to the telephone cellar stands a crowd dealing in petroleum shares. Here, too, prices are rising. They go up every minute. People swing and sway and shout on this staircase. Below, you see men running and making signs to each other in the labyrinthean passages flanked by telephone booths below. The booths are grouped by branches and firms; long-distance booths are here, private booths belonging to banks and brokers' firms, with direct wires to their offices and other places are there. Newspaper booths are in still another place, with direct wires to editorial offices and composing-rooms. Every nook and corner is alloted to a different purpose. A thick crowd clusters around the booth for long-distance connections. People are particularly anxious to speak with Frankfurt and Hamburg, which have the two most important exchanges outside of Berlin. In order to prevent the delay and crush, the principal firms record their calls beforehand. The representative of each firm receives a numbered check. When that number appears on the announcement board, it indicates that his call is ready. A red number indicates that he is being called from another city; a black number, that his own connection has been made. There is also constant connection with Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, and elsewhere.

By this time the main hall of the stock exchange, though busy, is somewhat quieter. You begin to hear offers. Some disturbing rumor has got abroad, and buyers are holding off. It is clear that certain speculators are trying to cash in their winnings. Quotations are unsteady in a few lines. Then suddenly there is another upward swing. So many orders have come in from the general public that professional traders have been overwhelmed.

The corridors outside are packed with people. There they are trading in

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unlisted paper. There, too, are shouts and calls.

'What is Wolf?'

'Thirty!'

'Buy 3000.'

'How is old Benz?'

'A small lot of Ludwig Ganz.'

'Whose trade?'

'Schnapsmeyer, Textile Meyer, Gummielbe, Pinguin, Oswald' — countless names din in our ears. It seems impossible to work our way through the crowd. However, at length we emerge, leaving only one coat-button behind.

A few steps take us to the Stock Exchange 'gardens,' where we are happy to have escaped from the heat and confusion on the floor. There is a fountain in the garden — or, more accurately, courtyard — representing dolphins pouring water from basins held aloft. They are indifferent to the quotations inside. A cloister-like air of peace and retirement pervades the place. Now and then someone steps out here for a moment, to recover from the tumult and excitement inside. Soon, however, even this retreat will be invaded. It is to be roofed over and made part of the Exchange itself. The present quarters are no longer sufficient for its growing business. Nor is its present peace by any means secure. Men keep stepping out here for short conferences over securities and prices while they smoke a cigar or cigarette.

I return to the floor. The press-room is worth a visit. Here again we have impressed upon us the effects of the peace treaty, our boundless inflation, and other conditions that bear upon prices. In days like these the tendency of the market must be detected and reported instantly. Representatives of all the important Berlin and provincial papers, ranging all the way from old Tory organs to the Reddest radical sheets, sit elbow to elbow at their little desks, working peaceably together. Each is intent upon his own task. He writes with his watch in his hand. Copy is snatched away by bicycle and motorcycle messengers. Each sheet is stamped with the hour and minute it leaves the reporters. Telephones are likewise in constant use.

I stroll from this relatively quiet section of the great plant to the opposite side of the building, and discover that the market is as excited as ever. There is particular activity in foreign exchange. The dollar has suddenly shot upward. Naturally the billmarket is disturbed. The hall where these transactions occur is packed with men, and the temperature is that of an oven. Exchange brokers sit at a desk on an elevated platform. Their voices are drowned by the din, and they frequently must resort to a giant gong to enforce a moment's quiet. Bill-traders, representing the banks and brokerage offices, are ranged along a table to the left of the platform. All the chairs are numbered, and belong to representatives of individual firms. Each one is occupied. A throng of men interested in exchange crowds the narrow passageways. There is eager bidding for foreign bills of exchange, of which there are not enough to fill the demand. It is necessary to pro-rate them. Trade is so lively that it takes longer than usual to fix the official quotations. Another dark day for the German mark.

It is nearly half-past two. The morning's tumult has not yet subsided. Brokers, clerks, and merchants rush into the restaurant of the Exchange for a hurried meal. The lunch-counters, though they are heaped at first with every delicacy, soon begin to look bare. Not a seat is to be had at the tables. Some do not stop to sit down. Others dine as if they had abundant leisure.

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The hurried eaters content themselves with a pudding, a cream puff, or a soda. Others, who will not reach home until late in the evening, take their principal meal at the Exchange. The excitement that often distorts the features of the men on the floor, until they become comic caricatures of themselves, disappears in the restaurant. Faces brighten up. The brokers become ordinary men again, and eat their beefsteaks and sip their wine and beer with real enjoyment. However, their conversation is still of stocks and bonds and bills and prices. Quotations, and again quotations! A well-known banker suddenly springs up from one of the tables. His Stock-Exchange agent has whispered something in his ear. He rushes out into the confusion of the floor. A neighbor notes his action. The banker is reputed to have good tips, so the second man follows at his heels. There is a new movement upward in the market.

In the old days, before the Stock Exchange had become such a madhouse as it is to-day, the 'bouncers' used to come in at three o'clock and drive the visitors off the floor with a pandemonium of discordant bells. That used to be so. To-day no one thinks of stopping until four o'clock; for quotations keep on the jump until that time, in spite of the earlier opening hour and the best efforts of the Exchange managers to prevent this. Many Stock-Exchange visitors hang around outside the building until seven or eight o'clock, and the lights are not out in the offices of the banks and brokers until midnight. Even then brokers cannot get through with their business, and it takes all their Sundays and holidays to clear their desks. And the first mail and the opening of the telegraph and telephone offices the next morning brings a new stream of orders. It is a true labor of Sisyphus.

The constant depreciation of the mark is responsible for all this. The man with a fixed income, who thinks his revenues no longer sufficient for his need and sees his little fortune melting away, — merchants, physicians, lawyers, professors, all the way down to the tailor and the cobbler, the chauffeur and the cook, — all are speculating in shares of some kind. It makes no difference to them what they buy. They would take a venture in shares of the Aurora Borealis. Tragic, is n't it? They dance on a volcano, and the devil laughs.

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THE SPELL OF DANTE'S POETRY

From *The Times Literary Supplement, September* 15
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THERE is a type of mind that is suspicious of the classics and of the cult of the classics. Books written about, but not enjoyed; authors magnified by a superstitious idolatry! The challenge of the devil's advocate has its use, if it provokes us to read the great classics afresh and report honestly to ourselves about them; for not even the most imposing of reputations should be taken for granted. Dante's fame has had its vicissitudes. Most of the eighteenth century, which at least had the courage of its taste, enjoyed Dante no more than it enjoyed Gothic cathedrals. But from the first he has had his throne, and he is accepted everywhere as one among the three or four supreme names in poetry.

Why is Dante so great among the greatest poets? What is the spell in him that charms? The question is worth answering, because he is so often approached from other sides than that of poetry. Dante is an epoch, a continent, in himself; an inexhaustible field of study. If one could uproot and obliterate his works, what a vast gap would be torn in the history of the European mind! He is studied as a human landmark, a representative figure; as the embodiment of his nation and the prophet (as Byron saw) of United Italy; and again, as a storehouse of historical allusion, of learning which has not lost its interest because it is mostly obsolete. He unlocks the secrets of the mediæval mind. Standing at the close of the Middle Ages, he projected all his known world into his poetry; he had absorbed all its knowledge, he was impassioned with its politics. He kept before him a grand and definite ideal for the world's government, and he suffered banishment for his convictions. No wonder that three years after his death the commentators had already begun to work, and have never ceased since.

Let us for a moment leave all these interests and studies on one side, and approach him, with as innocent minds as may be, merely as a poet. There is one thing certain about Dante, and that is that, if he had not been a poet, he would never have survived to interest us by anything else than his poetry. All those other interests drop out of mind when we listen to that voice, with its peculiar thrilling tone:—

Vedrai gli antichi spiriti dolenti.

All the tragic history of mankind floats up into imagination because of five words spoken.

Let us consider this poetry a little closer. We will confine ourselves, for convenience' sake, to Dante's greatest work, though for English readers the minor poems have the advantage that they can be approached through Rossetti's beautiful translations, whereas there is no adequate poetic translation (perhaps never will be) of the *Divine Comedy*. The poetry of the *Commedia* for the casual English reader, lies (we suppose) in certain famous detachable episodes, more particularly from the *Inferno*. And seeing that much of Dante's matter is difficult, intractable, or even repellent, some may yield to that plausible heresy which argues that poetry can exist at the highest level only for short flights or stretches, and that a long poem of the epic type is necessarily a series of bursts of inspira-

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tion joined together by dull tracts that are not poetry at all. This is not a masculine view of art.

When we have persevered through the whole of the three parts of the *Commedia* to the conclusion of the *Paradiso*, what is it that, as we look back on the whole poem, most impresses? Is it not the daring, the magnificence, the cathedral-like completeness of the conception? Yet to strike out a great conception is possible for one who is not a poet. And the grandeur of Dante's conception would not fill our minds as it does if it did not master us by the sustained music into which its substance has been poured. He who reads for the first time the opening of the *Inferno* is soon aware of a rhythmical power, the energy of which carries the poet on as by a force not his own (so profound and irresistible seems its impulse) through all the hundred cantos of the poem, and, never wholly subsiding even in the midst of hard disquisition, leaves its full music in our memory at the *Paradiso's* ardent close.

This rhythm is not only in the words and lines: there is an under-rhythm in the whole movement from canto to canto, and even, we may say, in the sense as well as in the language. No lyric, however glorious, can so dilate our spirits, or so enlarge for us our sense of the power of human faculties. It is this natural flood of music in the mind, imperious as the sea in volume and momentum, which gives a Milton, for instance, his superiority over a Wordsworth. Criticism has too little appreciated how profound an element the power of rhythm is in style. It is not only an inevitable felicity of phrase, it is also, and even more, the cadence, which gives to certain lines of the greatest poets their mysterious potency.

But for a long poem, which is to deal with much and varied matter, it is necessary for the poet to find an instrument for his music, a channel for its stream. Dante's *terza rima* is one of the great metrical inventions of literature. It was absolutely fitted for his purpose. He was not setting out to describe action, but a passage through varied scenes. Therefore he did not need a fluid and rapid movement. Indeed, the fact that there was such a multiplicity of episodes to be handled, separated from one another, necessitated brief closures to each and a vivid terseness of treatment. The character of the *terza rima* is not seized unless we realize that each three lines make a closed stanza, only by exception allowed to run on into the next. Yet none of these stanzas exists absolutely by itself, since it is linked by the rhyme both to the preceding and the succeeding stanza — a lesson to those who think that rhyme is merely an added ornament, for here it exercises its proper connective function. Hence the movement has always continuity, yet also regular recurrent pauses, whether slight or full, which the ear comes to expect. It is like the accumulation of smooth waves on an incoming tide.

The peculiar beauty of the metre is seen by contrast when we return to the *Commedia* after reading such English experiments as Byron's 'Prophecy of Dante,' or Shelley's 'Triumph of Life,' where the arrest or pause is not observed, and the matter spills over in random gushes, so that the form of the metre degenerates and the beat of its pulse is lost. (R. W. Dixon's long and little-known poem 'Mano' observes the Italian structure.) This wonderful metre, in Dante's hands, carries all sorts of matter, both homely and sublime, and sustains by its inherent excellence of form passages that treat of matter otherwise prosaic. It is flexible, and its flexibility is greatly enhanced by the character of the Italian language, which, unlike ours, does not single out

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one syllable in a word for an emphatic stress, but divides or balances a stress between two syllables. The word 'eterno,' for instance, which haunts Dante's ear and imagination, can be scanned either 'éterno' or 'etérno' at will. It might be wished that English poets would resist more often our common tendency in speech to pronounce one syllable of a word and slur or swallow the rest, by imitating (so far as is possible) this Italian usage, for it gives a peculiar delicacy and buoyancy to the modulation of a line. Nor must we forget the power of the redundant vowels with which Dante gives such volume to his verse.

Is it his sensitive and strong mastery of rhythm and metre, then, that makes Dante so great a poet? In a primary sense it is, for to this all else is added as by nature. But Heaven forbid that, by any vain distillation, we should attempt to abstract his rhythmical art from his matter and admire it in a vacuum. Rhythmical beauty can no more be abstracted from poetry than a human voice from the organs of flesh and blood which produce it and the feelings which affect it. And just as the voice takes on changing tones and new vibrations in obedience to emotions which stir and fill the body through the mind, so all a poet's emotional experience — what he feels, what he thinks, what he hates, what he desires — passes into his verse and moulds its rhythm with infinite subtleties and minute reverberations; so that its beauty, as rhythm, is irrevocably implicated in the richness and depth of the poet's spirit, and wins thereby living glow and changeful texture impossible to the most accomplished metrician who is a virtuoso and nothing more. We open the *Commedia* at random, and come upon a line of simple statement, —

Or le bagna la pioggia e move il vento, —

and we feel something moving in the cadence of the words, even if we do not know that it is the spirit of Manfred, in Dante's eyes a hero, telling of his body torn from its grave on the battlefield and the bones lying washed by the rain and stirred by the wind. Or again, in the lines, —

Vien retro a me, e lascia dir le genti;
Sta come torre ferma, che non crolla
Giammai la cima per soffiar de' venti, —

how expressive is the tone of proud independence; how it comes from the very fibre of the man who refused to return from exile at the price of humiliation! But a score of famous instances will occur to every reader of the poem.

It is the mark of a great poet that he speaks from the whole man; the full force of his imaginative nature goes, immediate, into his verse, and issues at the point of fusion: thought, emotion, image, rhythm, grow together into something indissoluble and unique. Hence that fullness and mystery, that depth and authority, as of life itself, which are felt even in a single line or phrase. Matthew Arnold was right; such brief passages or lines from the greatest poets are invaluable touchstones of quality. Arnold's suggestion has been perversely misinterpreted as a theory that detachable 'fine lines' are the test of a poet; he was guilty of no such folly. Great poetry is known, among other things, by its integrity of texture. A few words spoken in simplicity when a man feels deeply suffice to tell us, by the tones of the voice, the quality of that man's nature; and so it is with poetry. There are lines in Dante that seem to go almost beyond language; they move us like an unforgettable look from the eyes, or the beauty of a smile.

No poetry is more marked by integrity of texture than Dante's. It is signally free from rhetoric, from vague-

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ness; its epithets are never merely ornamental, they are always pregnant and add meaning. Dante's moral and spiritual qualities, his sincerity, his conviction, his indignant sense of the world's wrong, his rooted ideals, all act on his poetic powers and help to give to his imagination its peculiar character. No one has imagined things so thoroughly, completely, and intensely. His precision is so scrupulous as at times to make us smile. His imagination surpasses all others in the 'distinctness' to which Keats thought all poets should aspire. His senses and his emotions react with equal intensity.

Dante, though he lived when Italian painting had only begun, makes us see pictures that evoke the triumphs of its maturity. But his pictures are never static descriptions; they have the movement proper to poetry. How magical the vision of the angel, the Bird of God, burning like Mars seen through mist, and then moving with such swiftness over the sea, till the white wings shine clear! And later, in the *Purgatorio*, we remember — in those marvelous cantos of the Earthly Paradise — how the Four Beasts appear 'like star following star into the sky': —

Si come luce luce 'n ciel seconda.

Essential poet that he is, Dante seizes always on the life in things, rather than their aspect. Where another would have noted the color, he notes the 'trembling' of the distant sea, —

Conobbi il tremolar della marina;

by contrast, he notes of the sun's rays, associated with warm life, how at sunset they are 'dead on the low shores,' —

Morti già nei bassi lidi.

The mobile countenance of an angel seems 'like the morning star in its trembling,' —

Par tremolando mattutina stella.

And when he does tell us of the color of things, how different he is from those poets who heap up epithets of color to get a sumptuous effect! A vivid green is compared to a '*just-split* emerald'; the porphyry of one of the steps of Purgatory is red 'like blood spurting from a vein'; the sun seen in Paradise sparkles all around, 'like iron boiling from the furnace.'

And to this sharp sense for the tingle of life in things without corresponds an equal intensity in feeling and expressing the emotions within. Who can forget the break of the voice in

Guardami ben: ben son, ben son Beatrice;

or the exquisite deep tenderness of those lines about the soul, 'like a little child that plays, now in tears, now laughing,' which, coming from a glad Creator, only knows what delights it, and turns to that?

L'anima semplicetta, che sa nulla,
Salvo che, mossa da lieto fattore
Volentier torne a ciò che la trastulla.

Such things as these, to say nothing of the brief, naked, throbbing words in more famous and familiar episodes, like the stories of Paolo and Francesca, and of Ugolino, — tokens of piercing imaginative pathos and power only to be matched perhaps, outside Dante, in *King Lear*, — such things as these would suffice to denote Dante's supreme quality as a poet.

Is it for beauty like this, beauty that comes at times like a bloom or flush upon the harder tissue of the narrative, that Dante is enthroned? Well, but we find that the very few who have been capable of such supreme beauty and power of speech are just those also who have had the rhythmic energy within them to conceive and carry out immense works with the inspiration that in lesser poets lasts only for lyrical outbursts.

Yet we demand also from a world-

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poet that he should be universal in his appeal, transcending limits both of time and country. And to a modern reader, unawed by tradition and fame, with a mind saturated by modern science and its immeasurably enlarged conceptions of the universe, how can Dante's world, small as a toy by comparison, his absurd 'scientific' explanations, his scholastic theology, his grotesque devils, the literal torments and disgusting punishments of his hell, his preoccupation with the politics and personages of his own time — how can all this seem anything but inexpressibly obsolete and uninteresting? So it must be to those who will not read poetry as poetry.

These immense limitations are quite real. In Dante's matter, considered merely as matter, there is much that is fatiguing and oppressive, not to say repellent. But first let us observe that Dante's universe, through which he leads us, though so remote from the universe of our science, is so firmly defined, so coherent, so magnificently projected, that it has a vivid reality of its own. Moreover, it is symbolic. Reason may utterly reject it considered as fact and from outside; yet who feels that it is false within? It is related to ourselves by the impassioned aspiration which quickens every part of it; and we find clinging to our memory images and expressions which come to our hearts still with an eternal freshness and profound meaning. How frequent is the image in the *Commedia* of travelers on a journey — always invested with a kind of spiritual significance, with a sense of mystery in the 'whence' and 'whither'! 'Come uom che va, nè sa dove riesca,' (like a man who goes, and knows not where he shall come forth); 'si come i peregrin pensosi fanno'; 'la mente nostra peregrina'; and again, of the solitude that in life overwhelms at times our spirits, 'more solitary than roads through deserts,' —

Solingo piu che strade per diserti.

Such images and intimations as these recur again and again; and with them also we remember haunting words about the unappeasable thirst that is in man's spirit, —

La concreata e perpetua sete, —

and

La sete natural che mai non sazia, —

the thirst for truth, which is only appeased by the 'verace luce'; and we recognize, under all the mediæval symbolism and theological machinery, the undercurrent of what is permanent in our human condition, the pilgrimage that all life is, which has an aim; we remember that our own conceptions, which seem so vast, are destined to be superseded, that no knowledge gained will ever wholly satisfy, yet that we were born not to live like the animals, —

Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.

What is precious in Dante's philosophy, as in the philosophy of other great poets, is not his grasp of a system and his explicit arguments and speculations, but rather something underlying these which finds its true expression in the unanalyzable music of his verse. 'His barque goes singing,' as he himself phrases it, on its voyage through the worlds; and following him, with the spell of that imaginative, varying, ever-sustained music of human language in our minds, we discover that we have not merely read a book: we possess an inexhaustible experience.

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A HOLLAND DIARY

BY ALICE SCHALEK

From *Neue Freie Presse, September 7*
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

Pineapple-strawberries with whipped cream!

No, no, I must not torture my readers at home, over their cabbage and turnips, by describing the milk-and-butter orgies which are quite a matter of course here. But I did have to mention those strawberries and thick cream, for, when the heart overflows, the mouth will speak. Every evening, after we had supped off 'sea tongues'— a tender boneless fish from the Zuider Zee — dressed with egg sauce, and wild rabbits, with cauliflower and green peas, and cucumber salad, the cherry-red, sweet, juicy berries, as big as pigeon's eggs, would be brought on, peeping ruddily through from their blanket of sugared cream.

So, whatever the cares and worries of a Dutchman during the day, he at least has something to look forward to when he comes home at night.

The dependence of rational thinking and mental composure upon good food, and the connection between an irritable spirit and a poorly provided table, have been too much neglected in our analysis of Europe's present unrest.

A person loitering through Northern Holland has many such facts impressed upon him. Strawberry-beds cover the dunes as far as the eye can see, interrupted by beds of peas and beans, of asparagus and cauliflower, of lettuce and potatoes. But the strawberry-beds are the main feature. You find them several hundred yards long and thirty yards broad, planted in cross-rows, each of which will produce more than a hundred-weight of strawberries. Single plants often look like table decorations, each with its coronet of symmetrical ripe fruit. When one gazes at them, he realizes why the Dutch language contains the word *lekker*.

As soon as the sun passes the zenith, or, more frequently, in the morning, before the principal meal of the day, the whole family betakes itself to the dunes, whose loose sands afford some of the most fruitful soil of Holland, to pick the brilliant red fruit. It is gathered in long, shallow, braided-straw hand-baskets, holding about six pounds. Columns of these baskets nested one in the other appear everywhere in the markets as the first sign that the strawberry season is approaching.

The pickers kneel in the furrow path between the green rows, their bent backs suggesting Millet's Gleaners. When the field is finished, they load the day's pick on a cart, the baskets piled alternately lengthwise and crosswise to let in the air, until the pile is five or six layers high. The dogs that draw the carts are not hitched to a tongue, but under the cart bodies. The man pulls in front and the wife shoves behind. Horses are never used, except for large wagons carrying several thousand pounds.

At five P.M. long rows of these carts may be observed on every highway centring toward the market-place of Beverwijk. Their loads leave a trail of fragrance behind them, until the whole countryside is perfumed with strawber-

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ries. The growers range themselves, without guidance or police direction, in a long column, the last comers to the rear, until their carts often extend far beyond the edge of the town. You never note the slightest confusion, far less discord. It is as if the people had done this thing precisely so for centuries, and knew no other way of acting. They invariably proceed in ranks of four through the four great archways which span the main street, where iron hooks, suspended by chains, seize the boxes on the carts and lift them off the wheels to be weighed. Then each vehicle enters a spacious court, on both sides of which the buyers are seated on benches, like well-mannered schoolchildren. There is a glass roof above. An employee of each of the commission houses takes up, with a long-handled scoop, a few berries from one of the baskets in each load, and passes down the long benches with it. Somebody bids. On the other side of the court, the hand of a great clock-dial moves. A red figure is exposed and the cart passses on through the opposite archway, either to the canal with its deep-hulled barges, or to the railway yard.

This goes on for hours, often until nine o'clock, before all the carts have been weighed and sold. Thousands of hundred-weight of strawberries are disposed of in a single evening. Unless a person listens intently, he will not know who is bidding and buying. Perfect quiet and composure prevails in the auction yard, although strawberries to the value of more than 10,000-000 crowns are sometimes sold there during a single session.

If there is little to hear in Holland, there is much to see. Unforgettable pictures present themselves in unending procession along the canals, reflecting their bordering trees like mirrors in the evening sunshine, and across the broad Holland levels, above which the heavens arch like a bell of glass, suspending white billowy clouds which seem to swing to and fro like immense, gauze-wrapped chandeliers. We meet everywhere brightly garbed, fair-haired, blue-eyed, laughing women, whose round rosy countenances are framed in white lace hoods, flaxen-haired children with little wooden boots on their feet, and ponderous men in broad breeches and familiar iron-gray goatees, who remind us so of the toy Dutchmen of our nursery days that we are surprised to see them actually alive and moving. And over the whole scene rests the characteristic peace of Holland, which is so wonderfully soothing that it makes the land seem to us war-harried visitors an earthly paradise.

But even here Europe's post-war palsy is felt. In old days these strawberries were marketed principally in Germany, as were also Holland's fish, vegetables, flowers, butter, and cheese. The Allied countries do not buy as eagerly as they did during hostilities, when they baulked at nothing to overbid the Germans for provisions.

Those were the days of undreamed-of wealth. Stories are current of fishermen who ordered special trains to take them home Saturday evening, of peasants who bought out whole jewelry shops, of market-women whose hat-pins were of solid gold. Suddenly enriched fishermen bought trawlers and dories, and became lazy employers.

And now?

They say that Holland has lost more since the war than it gained while the war was in progress. Prices are abnormally high. The taxes seem as heavy as in our country. One hears on every hand of people reducing their scale of living, and of big estates which have been subdivided and sold by their financially embarrassed owners. Before the war nearly every family lived in its own

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house. Now people huddle into one or two rooms and dispense with servants. Failures have multiplied. Big factories are running on short time because Holland's money is at such an enormous premium that the country cannot sell its goods to its poorer neighbors. Then again, Dutchmen, from bankers down to the house-boys and sewing-girls, invested heavily in Russian bonds, which used to pay very high interest but are now worthless.

Holland's fishermen cannot compete with the Germans, who are buying out their boats and equipment. The Germans will work, not only more cheaply, but for longer hours, and, by an odd turn of fate, they are now supplying fish to Holland herself. A Dutchman recently exclaimed to me: 'Those lucky Germans. They're so poor!' It sounded like an odd remark, after watching how men have struggled for wealth the past few years, and the ruthless means they took to get it!

There is no better place than the North Sea beaches to study the effects of the business depression. A whole family could live well in any German mountain resort for what it costs a single guest to stop at a hotel in Scheveningen. Consequently all the world has been going to Germany for its vacation, and the fashionable summer resorts of Holland have been deserted. There were more servants than guests in the great Zandvoort Hotel. Every train to Germany has been crowded. You have to wait days to get a sleeper berth. It is a puzzle to discover a German summering-place which is not crowded with Hollanders. I proposed a number of points to a young couple here, as pleasant places to visit; but they selected Reichenhall because the names of the resorts I recommended sounded 'too foreign' to them.

Tyrol made a big blunder. Instead of surrendering itself to a mediæval distrust and dislike of foreigners, as it has done at the instigation of ambitious local politicians, it ought to have advertised widely for the tourists of the class coming to be known as *Valuta-flüchtlinge* — exchange-refugees. Tyrol might thus have impressed upon these travelers, who have hitherto gravitated to Switzerland, what the right of self-determination is in actual practice, where the true frontiers of their country lie, and the distress and embarrassment in which Austria is now involved.

Hopeless as it seems to attract visitors under existing conditions, the Netherlands tourist office is laboring energetically to accomplish the impossible. It makes an enormous use of photographs. Holland is second only to Japan in this field. Like Japan it lacks the imposing features of natural scenery which are so conspicuous in Switzerland or Italy. But the country fairly overflows with pictures. Every nook and corner of the country lends itself to the camera. The latter picks up beauties which the human eye, seeking, as it invariably does, a distant horizon, is apt to overlook. The railway traveler may weary of endless vistas of sleek cattle, glassy canals, emerald meadows, perfectly tilled fields, and windmills, until he scarcely glances out of the window, except at intervals, to note that the train has again paused in the great railway station of some world-famous city. But if a man strolls at leisure through the country, his eye is caught by half-hidden beauties at every step, until he forgets to look beyond and ceases to feel monotony of the larger landscape. He half-unconsciously learns to see things with the eyes of Holland's own artists, and carries home with him a whole gallery of mental masterpieces, like those of Hobbema, Van der Velde, Ruisdael, and Wouverman. He learns to comprehend the remarkable reciprocity be-

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tween Dutch art and Dutch nature. In fact, one can hardly appreciate the natural scenery of Holland thoroughly, until he has learned to appreciate its art. On the other hand, he cannot enjoy Holland's art to the utmost, until he is familiar with the landscapes of that country. Except Japan, there is no other place on earth where art and nature are so intimately bound together, where the artists and common men are so near to each other, where Rembrandt and Frans Hals still walk the streets. You might travel Germany far and wide without discovering a Holbein head or a Dürer face. You might seek the length of Italy without finding a Titian beauty.

In no other country have the painters, been so national, so utterly a product of their own landscape as in Holland. For example, Haag, Van Goyen's great painting, summarizes perfectly the Holland type. The incomparable silhouette of the Groten Kerk, the true Dutch lines of the Northern Renaissance façades of the row of dwellings, the canal reflecting its banks as in a mirror, the avenues of trees meeting at a point in the horizon, the endless meadows with their haycocks, the deep-laden sail-boats, ships, and freight wagons, the cattle lying in the fat meadows, or standing to be milked, the fruit trees and the windmills, the free-moving clouds in the crystal sphere above, the clear air almost as transparent as in high mountain altitudes — I know no single picture which presents so fully every key-note feature of the country which produced it.

All Dutchmen have a personal relation to the great epochs of their country's history. This is quite different from the associations which other Europeans have with their national past. Every town, every neighborhood, every name has for him a specific historical flavor. The people are hardly conscious of being good Hollanders, but it is scarcely possible for them to be bad ones. They possess a native, passionless, but invincible patriotism, which has nothing in common with the hurrah-chauvinism of aggressive nationalists. There is a composed self-possession about this sentiment, that makes its vociferous expression unnecessary.

It takes time to learn the factors that have formed the character of the Dutch people. They have borrowed something from the wide vision of the British, from the industry of the Germans, from the perseverance of the Scandinavians, from the critical taste of the French, from the shrewdness of the Belgians, from the financial aptitude of the Americans — for their sea-coast makes them neighbors of all these; but their powerful local traditions enable them to absorb the best from abroad and still to preserve their native character true to type.

One of the profoundest influences upon the nation's mind has been its colonial empire. Their geographical situation makes the Hollanders versatile. Their history, art, and fertile soil have blessed them with civilization. But their cosmopolitanism, their broadness of view, come from their long association with the Orient. The remotest peasant's cottage, the loneliest fisher's cabin, may welcome back any day a son from across the seas, whose conversation will be of hunting tigers or of the price of rubber, whose experiences awaken the imagination and keep alert the commercial instinct of the family. The bananas that the village children eat at vespers are likewise symbolical of this country, whose Rotterdam wharves, with their coffee-warehouses, and whose Amsterdam shops with their diamond-polishers, form but a frame for its quiet meadows, and windmills, and reposing cattle. It is a country where

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every village has shops such as you might find in a metropolis and every city has meadows with pasturing kine; where airplanes hum daily over the low-lying dunes bearing the mail to distant villagers, and where every peasant owns a bicycle or motor-car, and lives at home like a gentleman. When you think that you are talking with a man of the world, you find him suddenly quoting texts from the Bible; but the preacher will deliver a discourse on the modern romance, and yonder provincial patriarch has spent half his life in Sumatra.

I have dwelt for many weeks among these people; and even to-day I am constantly discovering new facets of their many-sided nature and experience. They make no effort at display. It is not wise to fancy that you have seen through a Hollander. It is better to be on your guard, lest he has long since seen through you.

THE LITTLE WORD

BY J. LEWIS MAY

From *To-Day, September*
(Literary Quarterly)

In literature, as in nature, it is not always, not indeed often, that the 'show places' appeal most strongly to the discriminating eye. They are apt to become hackneyed and, for the scholar, by nature, a timid and retiring sort of creature, enamored of lonely places, they lose a considerable part of their bloom from the contact with perspiring and noisy crowds of conducted, but seldom well-conducted, literary tourists, whose vociferous admiration is invariably expended on the obvious. The finer shades, the subtler *nuances*, escape the notice of these good folk, who career about the realms of literature like trippers in charabancs, making a great noise, creating a great dust, and strewing the slopes of Parnassus with the squalid remains of their vulgar junketings. Open-mouthed, eager and, withal, good-humored, the perspiring crowd of literary trippers render full and dutiful homage to the 'beauties' pointed out to them by their complacent guide; but in their hearts they find the whole thing rather a bore, and are secretly relieved to get back to their pianolas and picture palaces.

Literature is an exacting mistress, and only those who court her long and ardently can hope to win her favors. A jealous goddess, she dwells on a height, apart, and she will brook no dalliance with the dusty divinities of the market-place. I once knew a man, a poor man, who was given to reading Wordsworth. One day he acquired an interest in some company or other. He made money and went on making it. Now he rides about in a luxurious motor-car and the widow Clicquot furnishes his customary beverage — but he reads Wordsworth no longer; he has exchanged him for the *Financial Times*. He would blush if you spoke to him of his early

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love before his friends of Capel Court. What, indeed, shall it profit a man —?

Sometimes you light upon a possessor of a taste for literature in the most unlikely places. You may find him — very rarely I grant you — in literary clubs and coteries. I even know a journalist — this, I dare say, will appear incredible — a journalist, a sort of Jekyll and Hyde, who, when he is not writing wrong-headed things about politics, is given to inditing supremely right-headed things about poetry. I remember — it must have been a decade ago now — that I came across a little article in a newspaper in which he wrote, with a charm one does not usually find in newspapers, on the beauty of the small, simple word. That may not have been the title of the essay, but it was its subject, and among other illustrations of his remarks he quoted the second line from Wordsworth's sonnet, 'Composed upon the Beach near Calais 1802,'

> The holy time is quiet as a nun.

He commented on the beauty of the word 'quiet' in general, and, in particular, on its austere loveliness in the passage cited. It is a delicacy that our literary Cook's tourist would assuredly have overlooked.

A second-rate poet may occasionally deviate into a passage of sonorous rhetoric. Young in his *Night Thoughts* sometimes does; and there are good passages even in that monument of tediousness, Bailey's *Festus*. But the great little word, the little word whose greatness one does not realize all at once, but which comes upon one afterward like a sudden revelation, with its fitness, its inevitability — that is the true hall-mark of the poet. Of course, there is a beauty as well as a use in the stock epithet. One does not tire, in reading Homer, of hearing over and over again of the 'rosy-fingered dawn,' of 'Odysseus of many counsels,' of the 'well-greaved Greeks,' of the 'black ships of the Achæans,' or of the 'wine-dark sea.' These set the stage, so to speak, and keep the *mise-en-scène* before us. Tennyson, however, had something different in mind when, praising Virgil, he spoke of

> All the charm of all the Muses
> Often flowering in a lonely word.

That very word 'lonely' is an example which would be hard to surpass of the *living* epithet. He might have said 'single,' but how inert and lifeless that would have been. So, too, when Keats, speaking of the nightingale's song, says it was perhaps the self-same song

> that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn —

there, in 'alien,' is an epithet that lights up the whole passage like a star; an epithet which, amid scores of others that would have passed muster well enough, is the only perfect and inevitable one, the only one that conveys that the very loveliness of a strange land renders but more intense the heart-ache of the exile.

People are often given to speculating how far these felicities, upon which the critics are wont to descant, are the result of deliberate effort on the part of the poet, and how far they are accidental. If by accidental is meant instinctive, then the probability is that they are in the main instinctive, for all beautiful things are born of instinct and the passions. When Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth, sleep-walking with her taper, moan piteously, 'Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this *little* hand,' little — so ordinary, so simple in itself — is here of a magical, an incomparable felicity. That *little* hand stands out luminous and white against the sombre, tragic background of the play, re-

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minding us that, for all her resolution and intrepidity, Lady Macbeth is but a woman still, driven beside herself by ambition and lust of power, but beautiful and, in her agony of terror and remorse, to be pitied rather than condemned.

All this is not to deny that there may well be a beauty in passages in which no unusual words, no unexpected epithets are employed. Take, for example, that speech of Prospero's in *The Tempest*, which has been described as embodying Shakespeare's final view of life, and as being the inevitable quotation of all who would sum up the teachings of philosophy: —

> These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

In that speech, magnificent as it is, magnificent to the point of sublimity, the epithets are certainly taken 'from stock': '*cloud-capped* towers,' '*gorgeous* palaces,' '*solemn* temples,' 'the *great* globe' — these adjectives are certainly not far-fetched, and the passage as a whole derives its effect from the majesty of its harmonies and the splendor of its imagery. Nay — and I say this in fear and trembling — it seems to me that the pure poetry, poetry unalloyed with rhetoric, is not reached until we come to the lines: —

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

And these words, it will be noted, are *little* words. It is just conceivable that another poet might have written the previous lines, but

> such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

could come from none but Shakespeare.

There have been periods in the development of English literature when the search for some startling word, some far-sought adjective became a kind of obsession. The extravagances of the Euphuists have not been without their parallel in our own day, but Euphuism and its latter-day derivatives have a pathological significance; and it is well for the health of the literary organism when such schools of preciosity die, Narcissus-like, of their own beauty. Nevertheless, it must not be thought that genius is exempt from toil and travail in its search for the inevitable, the perfect word. But genius, unlike its counterfeits, knows the *mot juste* when it finds it. The Euphuist really knows not what he is in search of, and rates as a treasure what is too often merely dross. Indeed we may invoke the analogy of the Golden Bough and say: —

> ipse volens facilisque sequetur,
> Si te fata vocant; aliter non viribus ullis
> Vincere nec duro poteris convellere ferro.

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HOW MOSCOW IS FED

BY LEWIS S. GANNETT

From *The Outlook, September* 10
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

Payok is the first word you learn in Russia. It means the ration. There are three main classes of payok to-day: the 'diplomatic,' the 'demi-dip,' and the ordinary. Distinguished foreign visitors — which means almost all foreign visitors — get the 'dip'; responsible workers — which means most workers in government offices, and factory workers in factories which show a high rate of productivity — get the 'demi-dip'; and other workers the ordinary payok. Peasants feed themselves out of their own crops. In addition to the payok most office-workers receive a small salary — often the equivalent, in market prices, of a pound of white bread or half a dozen eggs a month. These salaries were fixed in the days when money had been almost abolished as a medium of exchange; one aspect of the new economic policy is that they are to be raised tenfold. But that involves printing much more paper money, and has to await the advent of a large supply of paper. To-day factory-workers can exchange a small percentage of their product directly for food.

But a payok in the kitchen is very different from a payok on paper. A payok on paper includes eggs and fresh vegetables and fats, and sundry things which do not materialize on the table because supplies are lacking. The 'commandant' of a house gets as much of the payok of the occupants of that house as she can; but even in Moscow, in June and July, when I was there, it ran rather short of the schedule, and the famine is likely to make it do so even more. Here, for instance, are the three classes of payok as they were scheduled on paper for June of this year in Moscow, and the actual diplomatic payok, which in addition to being the best on paper probably came nearer to realization than the others. The figures, except for eggs, are given in Russian pounds. A Russian pound is about seven eighths of an English pound.

	On paper			
	Ordinary	Demi-dip	Dip	Actual dip
Gray flour or bread	..	10	10	10
Black flour or bread	30	35	35	35
Meat	7.5	15	30	10
Fat	1	2.5	5	2
Grits	5	7.5	15	12
Cheese, etc.	..	2.5	5	..
Sugar	1	2.5	5	4
Macaroni, etc.	1	2.5	5	..
Salt	1	1	1.5	1.5
Vegetables	30	30	45	10
Dried fruit	..	2.5	5	3
Condiments	..	1	2	1
Tea	.25	.25	.25	.25
Coffee	..	.6	1.25	1.25
Soap	1.25	1.25	3	..
Eggs	..	30	60	..

That is not much food for a month. In practice the cheese, macaroni, eggs, and soap fell out entirely that month, even for the most favored, and the meat, fat, and vegetables were sadly reduced. Even bread is sometimes missing for days at a time; and in Petrograd and many other cities conditions were much worse than in Moscow. This black bread, which makes up the major sustenance of the ration, is a curious soggy composition, said to contain all

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the elements necessary for a complete diet. After some experience with it, I can believe that; one finds almost everything in it. When a day or two old, it is not so bad; most foreigners have to become gradually adjusted to it. Certain groups receive extra rations. Night-workers get a slight supplement; the sick are supposed to, and often do, get eggs, extra cheese, meat, grits, and better flour. And the children are the best fed of all. When rations are short, the workers are skimped before the children.

This works out, in April, to about 1.3 and 1.5 English pounds per day for the normal and under-nourished children respectively, and in May to 1.2 and 1.5. In June the ration was slightly worse. It was hoped that the ration could be raised this summer, but the drought that killed the winter wheat along the Volga killed that hope, too.

The most serious shortage, obviously, is in milk and fats — and in soap. Everybody is short of soap in Russia. Despite that, people are remarkably clean — far cleaner than were the French peasants in the villages just behind the lines during the war. The cleanliness campaigns waged by the Health Commissariat must have been extraordinarily effective. Many of the children's institutions about Moscow wash their sheets with wood ashes instead of soap; an effete Westerner is amazed at the resultant cleanliness — but soap would be easier. Hence the Quakers, who were first among Western relief organizations to begin work in Russia, just as, two years ago, they were first to feed children in the Central Empires, have very largely concentrated their efforts thus far on soap and fat and milk.

The Quakers are, to be sure, distributing supplies for other organizations as well. They seemed to be the only outside relief organization in which the Soviet Government had confidence; the Bolsheviki had come to suspect that agents of relief organizations might be camouflaged political propagandists. Home pressure apparently led the American Relief Administration and American Red Cross, long so apathetic to conditions in Russia, to seek an easy way of doing something, even before the Gorky famine appeal. The A.R.A. turned over to the Quakers £25,000 worth of condensed milk and vegetable oil — eight carloads of the former and six of the latter; goods that had apparently been battering about Europe for two years or more; and the A.R.C. gave £12,500 worth of medicine and clothing, and hinted at the possibility of more. The British Quakers, together with the British Save-the-Children Fund, raised about £65,000 for relief work in Russia, and the American Friends Service Committee, with its allied organizations, has done the rest.

These funds and supplies were, when I was in Russia two months ago, being utilized in Moscow alone. Work has since begun in Petrograd, where the faces on the streets show the mark of hunger far more vividly than in Moscow. Distribution of supplies provided by the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee has also begun from Minsk; and one of the Quaker workers has just gone, with a first cargo of supplies, to Samara, in the famine zone, and will shortly return to America to report. The Quakers have thus far been hampered by lack of personnel. They have only six workers in Russia to-day, but with these work a staff of friendly Russians — including a former London Russian anarchist, two mechanics formerly employed in the Ford shops in Detroit, a Greek chauffeur, and several Russians who have never been out of Russia, some of them Communist and some of them non-Communist. Three or four old United States army cars

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which were turned over to the Quakers in France after the Armistice, served the period of relief work there, then moved to Vienna for a twelvemonth, now distribute the Quaker supplies in Moscow, and two of them, upon the insistence of their chauffeur, carry small Red Russian flags waving gayly over their hoods — as if to neutralize the army numbers still faintly visible on the weather-worn covers.

Distribution is accomplished through the schools. Hitherto the Quaker work has been almost entirely confined to babies and school-children. The field of need is so vast and the funds in proportion so slight that concentration of effort was required. In May, for instance, more than 70,000 Moscow school-children received a pound of soap apiece. I passed a day carrying soap to the schools. Each school presents its list of pupils; the total is checked, the soap delivered, a receipt taken, and later the children sign individual receipts. There may be some slight loss occasionally; but the obvious test of fraud is the public markets, and thus far not a single cake of any Quaker-distributed brand of soap, nor any tin of their milk, has been discovered in any of the Moscow markets; and every report of such discoveries has been rapidly investigated.

Stories of pilfering in Russia are legion. The fact is that the actual loss from stealing in Russia has been less than the loss suffered by the Quakers from stealing in Germany, absolutely or relatively. You can put the stories of loss of Quaker relief supplies down on the same page with the nationalization of women, the various falls of Petrograd, Lenin's quarrels with Trotzky, and the other endlessly parroted lies. Not a single case of goods has been lost; occasionally a few tins have been stolen out of a case. To anyone familiar with relief work, even in Western Europe, that record is a marvel. Three times freight cars have gone astray, and the suspicion of theft has arisen. Each time the carload has been traced and recovered. There is stealing in Russia — as in other countries; it has not yet affected the Quaker supplies. Circumstantial stories have come to the Quakers of misuse of their supplies, as in the case where their chocolate was reported to be on sale at a particular market — before they had begun importing chocolate!

Nor have Government officials interfered with or obstructed the work. On the contrary, they have given it unusual facilities, supplied gasoline and oil for the cars, obtained a warehouse, granted office space, and so forth. They are suspicious of new workers, and examine them carefully before they admit them to Russia. But the most recent cables indicate that the famine has brought about more readiness to admit unknown workers — if they come with supplies in their wake.

Sometimes the Quakers have thought the red tape, evil heritage of the old régime and of the old Russian official dishonesty, a decided nuisance. Supplies leaving the Moscow warehouse, for instance, have had to pass seven inspections — railroad, customs, military, Cheka, coöperative, workers' and peasants', and Quaker.

The Quakers have steadfastly refused to undertake special relief for specified individuals. They take that stand to economize effort and to give a maximum efficacy to the service of their workers; but the position harmonizes with Communist theory and popular prejudice. When everybody is hungry and transportation facilities are scant, people resent the shipping of private parcels to those who happen to be favored with relatives in America. The Petrograd railway men, who handled carloads of American supplies sent

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to Russian Jews, demanded the right to take toll on the parcels, and these plans resulted in more hostility to Jews than real aid to the favored individuals. Hence, in large part, the difficulties experienced by Jewish relief organizations. The Cheka sequestrated some of the early carloads of private parcels, on the ground that the practice involved favored a particular class and particular individuals, and was therefore anti-Communist and counter-revolutionary — a long jump in logic, but natural in a time of general shortage. The Cheka has now been deprived of such power, and the packages were being distributed when I left; but the prejudice against individual parcels persists.

The Quakers, by a simple measure of administrative economy, avoided that entire morass of principle and prejudice.

What the Quakers have done is, of course, very little, compared to the possibilities and needs in Russia. The famine on the Volga cries out for relief on an infinitely larger scale. But the Quakers, by proving the baselessness of the official and semi-official excuses for callous indifference to misery in Russia, have opened the way for large-scale relief. They have proved to England and America that coöperation with the Soviet Government in relief work is possible; and they have proved to Russia that not all Englishmen and Americans shut their hearts to suffering because the sufferers tolerate a form of government hated in the West.

THE FABLE OF THE PEACOCK

BY BALTASAR GRACIÀN

[*The following fable, by a famous Spanish moralist of the sixteenth century, was greatly admired by Schopenhauer, who mentions it in his* Parerga, und Paralipomena. *It has just been translated, with the author's other works, into Italian.*]

From *Il Giornale d'Italia, September* 2
(Rome Neutral Conservative Daily)

Sharp, indeed, are the eyes of envy. They are so abnormally acute that I, for my part, would not see all that they see. Their keenness brings no comfort to their possessor. And the proverb that the envious are sharp-sighted never proved more true than when the other birds first saw the famous peacock of Juno. At first, they gazed in wonder at this luminary of plumage, each of whose magnificent tail-feathers seemed to them like a resplendent ray. From wondering, they began to admire. But admiration for something which they could not hope to possess themselves soon degenerated into envy.

The crow suddenly took offense, being the most ill-tempered among them, and busied himself fluttering from one to another of his companion birds and pouring complaints and criticism in their ears. He called upon the eagles

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on their crags, the swans on the lake, the falcons on their perches, the cocks in the barnyard, not forgetting even the owls and the bats in their gloomy caverns.

He began his talk by feigning to praise the object of his envy, saving his censure for the end. He would say: — 'It is true, the peacock is a beautiful and gallant bird, — we can't deny that, — but when you've said that, you've told the whole story. His consciousness of his beauty has made him excessively vain. To display one's gifts is to cheapen them. Birds of real merit make the least show of themselves. For my part, I'm convinced that were the eagle to display all his feathers, he would impress everyone by his majesty more than the peacock does by his beauty. Now the phœnix, which is the most marvelous bird in the world, would scorn such vulgar ostentation. We honor it more for its reserve.'

In this way the crow stimulated the envy of the others, especially the shallow-minded birds who had no opinions of their own. Envy is infectious. It always finds some excuse for its fault-finding, even though it be imaginary. It is like a predatory wild beast, enraged by the sleek fatness of its tamed fellows. It torments its victims until those afflicted with the disease forget every instinct of humanity.

So the birds formed a conspiracy to belittle and bring into contempt the beauty of the peacock. They went about their task with cunning. They avoided criticizing the beauty itself, but began to blame the peacock's pride. As the magpie said: 'If we can show up the peacock's vanity, he will have to stop this odious display of feathers, and we shall not be troubled by his beauty.'

What is out of sight is out of mind. As that satirical old kite, Juvenal, said: 'Wisdom is nothing if others are ignorant of your knowledge.' The same is certainly true of the other virtues, since wisdom is the queen of all of them. Ordinarily, things are not reputed for what they are, but for what they seem to be. The simple greatly outnumber the wise, and since they are satisfied by mere appearances, it has become the custom to judge things by their externals.

So a formal complaint was drawn up in the name of the republic of feathered creatures. The crows, the rooks, and the magpies, with their cousins, had the principal share in this. The other birds excused themselves. The eagle could not compromise his dignity; the phœnix would not leave his retirement; the doves were too gentle-minded; the pheasants were too timid; the swans too taciturn.

So they all flew over to find the peacock in the gardens of a neighboring palace. First they came upon a parrot hanging in a cage on a balcony, proudly practising his vocabulary. He told them promptly all he knew, which was all they wished to know. They had the nobleman's pet ape announce them to the peacock, who was delighted at their visit, since it gave him an opportunity to display his wardrobe. He received them in a broad courtyard, where he was wont to exhibit his magnificent plumage in the bright sunlight.

But his pride received a speedy fall. Even the best are the slaves of circumstances, and things often turn out the reverse of our anticipations. Envy is a harpy that fouls everything it touches. It is a basilisk whose eyes dart fatal glances. His visitors' applause changed speedily to insult and fury, and they hastened thus to chide the peacock: —

'What kind of conduct is this, you proud, vain bird. Do you defy the message which we bring you from our winged senate? Listen now, and lower your plumes and humble your pride.

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'Know ye, that all the birds are deeply offended at your insupportable arrogance. You confess this vice by your vain display. Others do not make such exhibitions of themselves, although they might easily excel you. The kite does not constantly shake his pinions, nor the ostrich wave aloft its plumes, nor even the phœnix make a vulgar show of its sapphire and emerald colors. Therefore, we bid and order you, from this day forth to conduct yourself as other birds, and to act as is befitting your nature and station. If you had more sense and less vanity, you would realize that, when you display your feathers this way, you merely uncover your ugly feet.

'Ostentation is always vulgar. It is the child of folly. It makes birds unpopular. It is despised by the wise. Those who cultivate contemplative solitude and prudent retirement live in security and happiness. They learn to depend upon themselves. Their satisfaction does not come from the applause of others. True virtue is sufficient unto itself. It does not need the encouragement of spectators and flatterers. In a word, you are but the plaything of wealth. It is not safe — it is dangerous — to court the spotlight as you do.'

The beautiful bird of Juno was profoundly perplexed by these harsh words, and when it had recovered from its deep perturbation, it exclaimed: 'Oh, praise, which always comes from strangers! Oh, disparagement, which always comes from our intimates and kin! Is it possible that, when I attract the regard of the world by my beauty, vulgar birds can see no other reason for this than my love of display? Is this my reputation among crows and magpies? Why do they condemn me for my pride and not for my beauty? Heaven gave me the first when it gave me the second. No one would wish one without the other. What advantage is it to have the reality without the appearance? The profoundest wisdom, according to the teachers of the day, is to make things seem what we wish them to be. To be wise and then to impress people by your wisdom, is to be doubly wise. I would say of display what others say of luck: that one ounce of it is worth more than an abundance of riches without it. What is the advantage of possessing a treasure, if it does not seem to be a treasure?

'If the sun did not illuminate the firmament with his rays; if the rose remained ever a modest bud and never spread its fragrant petals to the air; if the diamond were not cut and polished until it reflected a thousand points of light, what would any one of these amount to? I am the sun of birds; I am the rose of plumage; I am the jewel of nature; and since heaven has thus gifted me, I shall profit by its gifts.

'The first act of the Creator himself was to say, "Let there be light," in order that what he created might be visible. And the first admirer of his works was the Creator himself; the first applause was Divine applause.'

Commenting thus, the peacock turned his head to admire the iridescent color of his enormous shield of plumage. Thereupon his envious neighbors could not restrain themselves. With a single malignant impulse they flew at the peacock. The crow attacked his eyes, the other birds his plumage. Soon it was going ill with the most beautiful of birds. His glory was likely to be dragged in the dust. They tell us that even today the peacock's harsh voice remains as evidence of the shock he received; and he still bears the name *pauroso*, in witness of the fact. He had no other means of defense than that which beauty always has, to call for aid. He called at the top of his voice, imploring help of heaven and earth. His adversaries shrieked likewise, in order to

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drown his cries. Altogether they made such a tumult that all the birds of the air and the beasts of the field came hurrying up to learn its reason. The reptiles of the royal park, and a lion, a tiger, a bear, and two monkeys rushed to the peacock's defense. A wolf and fox hastened in from the wilderness at hearing the crows and the magpies calling, fancying that these carrion birds had found a dead animal unburied. The eagle likewise heard the cry, and joined the hurrying procession.

Finally, the lion imposed silence and demanded to know the occasion of the trouble. He bade each side state its case quietly and in good order. When all arguments were heard, he recognized at once how baseless was the charge presented by envy and how hypocritical its zeal: but, in a spirit of justice, he proposed that they submit the case for judgment to a third party, to the wise and crafty fox. So the case was carried to this shrewd judge.

The fox used all her tact and graces to show herself equally considerate toward all. She had to flatter the lion without offending the eagle, to do justice and yet not to make enemies. Consequently, she addressed them thus: —

'The question is, which is the more important, the reality or the appearance. There are things very important in themselves that do not seem so; and on the other hand, there are things of little weight which seem of great moment, — everyday miracles, — so great is the effect of a good showing or a bad showing. A good appearance excuses many faults and hides many defects. And if this is true of material things, such as our ornaments and the furnishing of our houses and our manners and attitude toward others, how much truer is it of the gifts of the mind, which are ornaments of the intellect, and of the beauties of the moral nature?

'There are showy objects and qualities where a little substance makes a great display. But when these showy qualities are combined with real worth, we have a prodigy. On the other hand, we see excellent men, who, for want of the knack of impressing others, never received due consideration from the world. Now not long ago, a certain great personage was upsetting the whole world, though he proved himself an utter coward in a council of war; while a brave man present did not have the art to attract attention. There are also nations born with a gift for display. The Spaniards lead the world in this respect — indeed, to such an extent that their ostentation really adds to their heroic qualities and virtually multiplies them.

'It should be understood, however, that there must be some substance behind these appearances. Where there is no merit, ostentation only makes more prominent our defects. Instead of applause, we win only ridicule. Some are always seeking to occupy the centre of the stage, and thereby only make their ignorance and crudity conspicuous. They do not exhibit their good qualities, but stupidly advertise their faults and weaknesses.

'Nothing betrays false pretense more quickly than self-display.

'Ostentation sometimes consists more than anything else in mute eloquence, in displaying one's merits without seeming to do so. Sometimes prudent reserve is a praiseworthy evidence of self-esteem. By concealing our good qualities and attainments, we make them conspicuous, because we thereby pique curiosity.

'It takes great art not to advertise one's qualities all at once, but to let them become known little by little, adding ever something to our prestige.

'Now, coming to the case before us, I give the following judgment: it would

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be folly to acknowledge the peacock's beauty, but to forbid his exhibiting that beauty. That would be contrary to the teaching of nature. It would be showing contempt for nature's wise provisions.

'So I consider that it will be more practical and efficacious to do this: Let us order the peacock, under a penalty of heavy punishment should he fail to do so, to gaze at his ugly feet every time he spreads his glorious plumage in the air. Let him simultaneously display his tail and lower his eyes. I assure you that this will sufficiently chasten his vanity.'

All applauded this decision, and the peacock submitted to it.

AN AMBASSADOR'S LETTERS

[*The letters written by Mr. Walter Hines Page when American Ambassador at London, which are appearing in the* World's Work, *have attracted widespread attention in England. The following review is fairly representative of the preponderant attitude expressed in the comment they have provoked.*]

From *The Spectator, September* 10
(Conservative pro-American Weekly)

The fact which pleases us most in these letters is that Mr. Page was always an American, and was prepared and even anxious to take an American point of view as against the British. Yet he was earnestly in favor of a sound and deep Anglo-American understanding. He was at once our friend and our critic. The point is really important, because we are convinced that no American diplomat will be a good ambassador here who is not all the time an American; and, similarly, no Englishman will ever be a good ambassador at Washington if he does not know that Americans expect him to be, and like him to be, an Englishman. In both countries a great deal of misunderstanding, and what may be described as a contemptuous hostility, is created because the representatives of either side are thought to be too subservient to the ideas of the country to which they are accredited. It used to be a bitter gibe in New York against the Americans who were supposed to be uncritically favorable toward the English point of view that they turned up their trousers when it was raining in London. British disapproval has never put so sharp a point on its satire by means of a current saying, but we read only too frequently in the press, or hear in conversation, that some public man is 'prostrating himself before America' or will 'take anything from America.' The criticism is hardly ever true; but at all events there would be no possibility of this superfluous bitterness, if Americans, while being our friends, would always remain Americans, and Englishmen, while liking Americans and being determined never to be estranged from them, would always remain Englishmen.

Again and again in his letters Mr. Page finds fault with American diplomatic methods because they did not, in his opinion, pay sufficient regard to the

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importance of courtesy and the amenities of ancient ceremony and custom. He demands that a special study should be made by American diplomats of the daily little courtesies of international life. Then he suddenly goes on: 'After beating them [the British] at their own game, we want a fight with them — a good stiff fight about something wherein we are dead right, to remind them sharply that we have sand in our craw. I pray every night for such a fight, for they like fighting men. Then they'll respect our Government as they already respect us — if we are dead right.'

Mr. Page's insight was perfect — of course, he meant a diplomatic fight. And he was always true to this spirit. When there was a disagreement between America and Great Britain about affairs in Mexico, Mr. Page stood up stoutly for the American point of view. The British Government made concessions and changed our diplomatic representative in Mexico. Again, by modifying the arrangement made for obtaining oil in Colombia and Nicaragua they very rightly avoided all appearance of challenging the Monroe doctrine. Commenting on these events, Mr. Page wrote to Mr. Wilson: —

> As this poor world goes, all this seems to me rather handsomely done. At any rate, it 's square and it 's friendly. Now in diplomacy, as in other contests, there must be give and take; it 's our turn. 1. If you see your way clear, it would help the Liberal Government (which needs help) and would be much appreciated, if, before February 10, when Parliament meets, you could say a public word friendly to our keeping the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty — on the tolls. You only, of course, can judge whether you would be justified in doing so. I presume only to assure you of the most excellent effect it would have here. If you will pardon me for taking a personal view of it, too, I will say that such an expression would cap the climax of the enormously heightened esteem and great respect in which recent events and achievements have caused you to be held here. It would put the English of all parties in the happiest possible mood toward you for whatever subsequent dealings may await us. It was as friendly a man as Kipling who said to me the night I spent with him: 'You know your great Government, which does many great things greatly, does *not* lie awake o'nights to keep its promises.' It 's our turn next, whenever you see your way clear.

As everybody knows, President Wilson acted on the suggestion, and the clause in the Panama legislation which granted preferential treatment to American coastwise shipping was repealed. The victory for what Mr. Wilson described as a question 'simply of national honor' was not, however, an easy one. The debate in the Senate lasted some three months. Those who recall it will remember how some of the best men in American politics spoke up for what is always nothing short of a passion among good Americans — the strict observance of a contract. 'We are too big a national power,' said Mr. McCumber, 'to be too little in national integrity'; and Mr. Root, with unrivaled legal knowledge and force, demolished the arguments of the exemptionists one after the other.

The attitude of the Irish-Americans toward this question was like a grotesque but only too familiar foot-note. Irish demonstrations were held; Mr. Page was denounced as an 'Anglomaniac,' and resolutions were passed to the effect that he 'looked on English claims as superior to American rights.' It would be amazing, if one did not know the history of the Irish, to notice how rarely their political movements in America are concerned with any issue of real principle. They create and use a political turmoil merely in order to annoy and denounce an hereditary enemy. Thus, in the American Civil War, they made trouble in the North because it

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was fighting against the South, and in the South because it was fighting against the North.

Writing of the beginning of the war in 1914, Mr. Page describes how Sir Edward Grey, with tears in his eyes, told him of the unsuccessful attempts to prevent the war, and how the King, 'declaiming for an hour on German iniquities,' despairingly asked Mr. Page: 'My God, what else can we do?' After watching the fortitude of Englishmen, and the splendid courage and self-sacrifice of Englishwomen, Mr. Page wrote: 'I thank God I am of their race and blood.'

Mr. Page was convinced that his country would lead the English-speaking race. 'The future of the world,' he said, 'belongs to us.' But he never meditated on that topic without letting his thoughts run on to the conclusion that if the Anglo-Saxon idea was peacefully to master the world, there must be a perfect friendship and coöperation between America and the British Empire. We think that he considerably exaggerated in his letters the attachment of Englishmen to old things, old customs, and old titles, merely because they were old. Having noted the way in which the order of precedence was observed, not only by officials but among the English servants whom he employed at the American Embassy, he wrote that 'a real democracy seems as far off as doomsday.' But is that true? We Englishmen have some reason to believe ourselves the most democratic nation in the world. Our limited monarchy is simply an hereditary presidency, and it is admitted by all political parties — except perhaps the Labor Party — that the will of the majority must prevail. That surely is as near to democracy as a country can come; the people, represented by the majority of voters, must decide everything. We may have an absurd liking for ancient forms and titles, though Americans use titles of a different sort much more freely than we do. But we should not give to any one man the power which is vested in the President of the United States, nor should we give to any one legislative body the power which is vested in the American Senate.

Mr. Page's insight was unfailing, again, when he reported to the President that Englishmen refused to regard Americans as foreigners. He complained that Englishmen thought less well of the American Government than of the American people, and even regarded the Government as 'foreign'; but as to the people there was no doubt. 'I have a club-book on my table,' he wrote, 'wherein the members are classified as British, Colonial, American, and Foreign — quite unconsciously.' His recurring remarks on the need for studying diplomacy as an art of life and imparting into it all possible courtesy, imply a very strong support for the regularizing of the American diplomatic service which is now being carried out. No doubt he was one of the inspirers of that movement. In one of his letters he gives an example of how, in his opinion, the American Government had behaved with thoughtlessness which in practice was not distinguishable from rudeness: —

> When our Government sent notice to the British Government that our fleet was going to the Mediterranean, my letter of instructions contained a paragraph which asked that the British fleet pay our fleet no undue attention, and that it was coming informally, or unofficially, etc. The Admiralty has already issued orders for the British fleet to move on the day before ours will arrive. But they would like to have stayed and fired off a few hundred pounds of powder, and to have drunk a few dozen bottles of wine, to have pledged friendship and kinship and sworn by Nelson and Mahan, as good sailors do. I'm afraid we forget how much *they* would have enjoyed it. When we

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say, 'We 're coming, but pray don't trouble to make any fuss about us,' we mean to be polite, but it 's the politeness of the countryman, not of the polished man of the Old World. They wish to salute us. They wish to drink our health. They spend half their time doing these polite acts to one another, and they wish to be as polite to us as they are to one another.

Mr. Page never had the least doubt that America was bound to concern herself deeply with international affairs, whether she liked it or not. Writing in 1913 to Mr. Wilson, he said: —

We are in the international game — not in its Old World intrigues and burdens and sorrows and melancholy, but in the inevitable way to leadership and to cheerful cooperation in the future; and everybody knows that we are in it, but us. It is a sheer blind habit that causes us to continue to try to think of ourselves as aloof. They think in terms of races here, and we are of their race, and we shall become the strongest and the happiest branch of it.

And how good is Mr. Page's summary of what the American spirit should stand for! How different from the sickening theatricalities and loutish statecraft of Germany before the war!

I am going to make this the subject of one of the dozen addresses that I must deliver during the next six months — 'The United States as an Example of Honest and Honorable Government.' And everywhere — in circles the most friendly to us, and the best informed — I receive commiseration because of the dishonorable attitude of our Government about the Panama Canal Tolls. This, I confess, is hard to meet. We made a bargain — a solemn compact — and we have broken it. Whether it were a good bargain or a bad one, a silly one or a wise one — that 's far from the point. Is n't it? I confess that this bothers me. . . . And this Canal Tolls matter stands in the way of everything. It is in their minds all the time — the minds of all parties and all sections of opinion. They have no respect for Mr. Taft, for they remember that he might have vetoed the bill; and they ask, whenever they dare, what you will do about it. They hold our Government in shame so long as this thing stands. As for the folly of having made such a treaty — that 's now passed. As for our unwillingness to arbitrate it — that's taken as a confession of guilt. We can command these people, this Government, this tight island, and its world-wide empire; they honor us, they envy us, they fear us; they see the time near at hand when we shall command the capital and the commerce of the world if we unfetter our mighty people; they wish to keep very close to us. But they are suspicious of our Government because, they contend, it has violated its faith. Is it so or is it not?

We have said enough about these letters to indicate both their uprightness and their sprightliness. There is much about the English scene, to use Henry James's phrase, English social life, and so on, that would be spoiled by partial quotation. The gracefulness and airiness of Mr. Page's little verbal visions depart when one begins lopping. Our object has been fulfilled if we have made it clear that Mr. Page's attitude of critic, friend, and deliberate and immutable American citizen, all at the same time, is the true one for every man in public life who is intent upon improving the understanding between the two nations. In such a spirit alone will respect be bred between two highly reasoning and conscious peoples.

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THE ROMAN WALL

BY FILSON YOUNG

From *The Saturday Review, September 3*
(English Tory Weekly)

The wind sings across the stubble and pasture, and sweeps, scented with the honey and herbs of fifty open miles, across the hard white road. So perfect a surface must have perfect foundation and drainage; and a glance on either side reveals to you that you are standing on no ordinary road, but on the Roman Wall; on the great work that strides and swoops and dips from Wallsend-on-Tyne to Bowness on the Solway Firth; the formidable military barrier developed by the Romans from the earthworks and mud walls erected by the Britons as a protection against the marauders and cattle-raiders from the north. Before I saw it, I had conceived the Wall as a remnant of this early and primitive *vallum;* and probably most readers share my ignorance of the fact that it was, in its final form, a complete military system, as elaborate as that of the modern blockhouses, and a most formidable defense against anything but artillery.

It is nearly all gone now; the centuries and the busy generations, each destroying its bit of the past in order to build the future, have done their work; and the Wall remains, where discernible at all, visible only in a series of undulations averaging about a hundred feet broad, and extending from east to west across the northern heights of Northumberland. Some times it disappears altogether and is untraceable by the inexpert eye; but there is hardly half a mile in which you are not sure of coming across some piece of the furrowed remnant. The earliest part of it is the earth Wall, or Vallum, with its ditch. This is visible now only as a shallow double undulation of turf, and was undoubtedly the work of the Britons, who needed such defense against the Scots long before the Romans came to England. The early Roman occupiers under Agricola would repair or rebuild it as might be needed; in places it would be strengthened by stone; until at last came the military engineers, under Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, or Severus (no one knows), who saw at a glance the value of the site and, abandoning the original Vallum, or rather incorporating it in their defensive scheme, built, some hundred yards to the north, and generally parallel with it, a solid wall of masonry some twenty feet high and eight feet broad, with a flat-bottomed ditch or fosse to the north of it, forty feet wide and twelve or fifteen deep. The importance of this ditch may be guessed from the fact that it is cut through stone and rock and earth alike; whatever the obstruction may be, it never leaves the northern face of the Wall.

In its complete and most elaborate form, the work consists of this fosse; the stone Wall; a narrow metaled military foot-path behind it; a broader military way; behind that, the Vallum with its ditch; and behind, to the south, the Agger, or minor earth mound, belonging to the period of the Vallum. The whole work is about seventy English miles in length. At every Roman mile (a thousand paces) was

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built a stone castle some fifty feet square, of which there were eighty across the Wall: and between each two castles four turrets about twelve feet square, completing the chain of block-houses. In addition, and complementary to the actual defense of the Wall, were seventeen Roman stations, some of them developed from permanent camps into something like small towns, of which those at Housteads and Chester seem to have been the most important. It was due to the fact that the latter was on the property of the late Mr. John Clayton, that we owe the patient work of excavation initiated by him, and the invaluable museum at Chester, where the principal antiquities have been classified and arranged.

There, laid bare amid the green turf of the park at Chester, or at the more recently excavated station of Corstopitum (Corbridge), you may see the foundations of forum and prætorium, barracks, headquarters, granaries, stables, wells, baths and villas, which were the world of the exiles in their enforced sojourn amid the bleak Northumbrian country. The expert has pondered over and studied these stones, and the objects and bits of treasures and possessions that the departed occupants have left, and reconstructed their tale from them. But you do not need the eye of an expert to trace the ruts worn by the cart-wheels in the stone sill of the gateway leading to the market-place, or the water-worn gutters and channels on the much-used baths, or the hole in the stable masonry for the iron harness-hook (in shape exactly the same as is found in every harness-room to-day), or the soot in the flues supplying the Sudatorium — as good and fresh, and as useful for whatever purposes soot may serve, as if the fires had died down but yesterday and not 1800 years ago.

Man and his dwelling-place here, as elsewhere, speak most eloquently to his heirs in time who stumble thus on the evidence of his occupation. The things that remain are both rude and beautiful, telling their tale, on the one hand of cheap labor, and on the other of skilled craftsmanship. Both are combined in the omnipresent evidences of the Romans' love of works connected with water. Two of the finest sculptures in the museum at Chester are that found in the Sudatorium representing the river genius of the North Tyne, and the lovely little sculpture found in the well at Procolitia, representing the otherwise unknown water-goddess, Coventina. She reclines, graceful and alluring, on a great lotus leaf floating on the water; and, supported by her two nymphs, equally graceful, each flourishing a leaf in one hand and pouring water with the other, smiles at you across the centuries. Some Roman officer must have heard of this British deity, loved her, turned her name into Roman, and adorned her well with this lovely presentment.

One would have thought that the Romans, coming from sun-baked Italy to this northern land with its skies day after day gray and swollen with moisture, where the river ran at their feet and meadows oozed with springs and streams, would have had their thoughts turned more in the direction of the sun-gods; but there is no evidence that they did. The inherited sense of water as the greatest of boons followed them from the thirsty soil of their homeland, and endured even under these weeping skies.

But these things, eloquent as they are, speak to us in an alien tongue. Sitting amid the walls of Corstopitum, where was one of the great granaries and distributing stations for the Wall, and where a kind of residential town or village with baths and gardens had been laid out on the sloping bank of the

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Tyne, one can yet read something of the hatred of the place felt by those who dwelt in exile there, and of their long, home-going thoughts. To the ordinary wayfarer, and to those to whom the history of the English means more than the history of the Romans, the Wall itself outstrips in living interest the most eloquent of these pathetic remains. For the Wall, though now dilapidated and often invisible, is in places still a wall, the stones of it bearing the marks of the tool that shaped them nearly two thousand years ago. Even in its disappearance it has still retained a kind of life, for the dressed stones of which it was despoiled through the centuries were taken to build other walls, and exist now in houses and churches and dwellings throughout the surrounding country.

And when you stand on a fragment of the Wall that is left, looking northward across the mighty slopes to where the gray shadow of Cheviot stands guard over Scotland, or southward, where Hexham Abbey hangs in a blue haze and the curves of the Tyne carry the glimmer of silver from Corbridge to Styford, solid under your feet is the fact of the Wall, and of the noble and childlike toil by which men by their hands, and with the simple means around them, tried to erect physical barriers against harm and evil. There speaks still in these blocks and shards, in these crumbling powders and enduring shapes, something of the souls of the builders, transitory as was their occupation here; something of their thirst; something of their toil; something of their warfare, and something, where the water dripped in the black circle of the well or flowed in sunlight across the warm shallow troughs, of their dreams of pleasure and of rest.

A WHALE-HUNT IN THE FAROES

BY J. TRAVIS JENKINS

From *The Manchester Guardian, August* 18
(Radical Liberal Daily)

Thorsavn, the chief town in the Faroes, is a picturesque little place, with curious houses constructed of stone to half their height, the remainder being of wood, crowned with a roof protected by turves on which the grass grows freely. The Faroes are just the place for an unsophisticated holiday. They may be described as the Isles of Negation. There are no roads, and consequently no motor-cars, all communication between the islands being by water. There are no theatres cinemas, pierrots, or nigger minstrels; but although the town has a population of only five thousand, there is a finer bookshop than in many an English town of two hundred thousand population. There are no strong drinks, and no trees; but the bird, fish, and whale life is extraordinarily abundant and varied.

Of the six stations normally at work, only that at Thorsvig was open in

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1921. Here a Norwegian company had four whaling steamers engaged in hunting the finner whales. Practically all modern whaling is in the hands of Norwegians, and is a natural development of the invention of the harpoon gun by a Norwegian sailor, Svend Foyn, in 1864. Whaling at that time was rapidly dying out, owing to the rapid extinction of the right and sperm whales; but this harpoon gun led to the capture of finners, whose rapid swimming and tendency to sink when dead has rendered them immune to the hand harpoon.

The three chief whales (all species of finner) on which the whalers of the North Atlantic depend are the blue whale, which grows up to 80 or 85 feet in length; the common finner, or fin, whale, which grows up to 65 or 70 feet; and the *sei* whale, of from 40 to 50 feet. These finners are readily distinguished by the grooved skin on the throat and the presence of a dorsal fin. This year, owing to the abundance of the common finner, the whalers made no attempt to kill the sei whale, which in normal years forms the greater proportion of the catch at the Faroes. Up to the middle of July, of 100 whales taken at Thorsvig 97 were finners, and the other three blue whales. Occasionally one of the rarer whales, such as a sperm or nordcaper, is killed, one of the latter species being brought in on July 22. The modern whaling captain will shoot at any whale over forty feet in length.

The whaling steamer is a small but strongly built ship of from 80 to 90 feet in length. Its distinguishing marks are the crow's nest fitted up on the solitary mast and the harpoon gun in the bows. The harpoon, to which a rope is attached, is shot out from a small cannon fixed right up in the bows of the steamer. Coiled on a pan in the bows is about 40 fathoms of a specially strong and light rope — the foreganger. From this pan or platform the rope passes aft to a winch situated in front of the bridge. This winch is useful in hauling in the whale when dead.

Most of the whales captured at the Faroes are taken within the 100-fathom line, in less than a day's steaming from the islands. As soon as the steamer approaches the whaling-grounds, a man mounts into the crow's-nest and sweeps the sea in all directions with a pair of strong binoculars. The first sign is usually the spouting, when the cry of 'Hval, hval,' puts everyone on the *qui vive*. The captain, an expert whaler of wide experience in many seas, readily distinguishes the species by the form of the spout. The first school, a small group of sei whales, is passed contemptuously by, our captain explaining that, although he has shot thousands of whales, only three have been of this species.

Soon his patience is rewarded, and toward midnight a solitary blue whale of enormous porportions is seen lazily disporting himself. Although there is no darkness in these latitudes at this time of the year, the captain, who is also the marksman, does not care to risk a shot at so valuable an animal until the morning is sufficiently advanced to make the shot a practical certainty. On this occasion his luck is in, and a heart-shot kills the leviathan with scarcely a quiver.

The whale is now speedily hauled alongside, and the tail-flukes are cut off, in order to facilitate towing to the station. A steel tube is next stuck into the abdomen and air pumped in to keep the whale afloat, the orifice being stuffed with oakum when the tube is extracted. The harpoon is left in the carcass until the whale is on the flensing platform. With such a valuable catch the steamer makes off post-haste for the whaling-station. When a finner is killed, the

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steamer will frequently tow the body and kill another whale, and catches up to five finners are made by a steamer on a single cruise. As the steamer passes up the fiord to the station, the Faroe men get wind of the catch, and, as they are particularly fond of the flesh of the blue whale, they hurry along with their canoes for a supply of the meat, which is salted down in barrels for the winter. I found the fresh meat of the blue whale quite good, like tender beefsteak, but perceptibly sweeter.

After arrival at the whaling-station, the whale is hauled up a slip to the flensing platform by means of a powerful steam winch. This particular blue whale was estimated to weigh about 70 tons, and was rightly considered a great catch. First of all, the valuable blubber is stripped off by the steam winch, the flenser having made two or three longitudinal incisions down the whale's side, to facilitate the removal of the blubber from the underlying flesh. The blubber is then cut up by a machine into small pieces, which are hoisted up into a gigantic boiler. From the blubber the best oil is obtained. The whale 'bone' is now removed from the upper jaw and towed to one side for subsequent treatment.

Now comes the turn of the Faroe men. The whaling company is compelled by the terms of its license to sell to the islanders as much whale meat as they require at a fixed price of ten kroner (10*s*.) per small barrel, and the Faroe men crowd around eagerly to get such a welcome addition to their winter stock of provender. After the islanders have helped themselves, the flesh and bones are cut up into manageable sizes and are treated in separate boilers, where an oil of second quality is extracted. After all the oil is extracted, the residue of the bones and flesh is ground up and used for cattle-meal or guano.

It is extremely difficult to convey an accurate impression of the enormous size of these gigantic creatures, for the blue whale is the largest of all animals, living or extinct; but when you see six men exerting all their strength to turn over a relatively small portion of the whale's skull which has been cut off from the rest, you get some idea of their tremendous size.

It is doubtful whether whaling will last very long under present conditions. The whalers themselves say that the finners will never become extinct, since whaling will automatically stop when it ceases to be profitable — under normal conditions, when the steamers get less than 30 whales each per season. The whalers estimate that they kill about one in every ten whales seen, which seems at first sight very reassuring. While it is true that the common finner and sei whales may safely be killed off with impunity for years to come, there is strong reason for advocating international protection for the rarer whales, such as the nordcaper and sperm whale, either by an absolute prohibition of their slaughter for a term of years, or by strictly limiting the number which may be captured for any particular station.

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A GHOST IN FRANCE

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

From *The Outlook, September* 17
(CONSERVATIVE LITERARY WEEKLY)

A RETURN, even after the lapse of only a few years, to familiar scenes is always full of surprises. Details once vividly known, and in the interval entirely forgotten, greet one with a shock of recognition, and shock follows shock until the place has built up again its old significance in the conscious mind. But my return to Arras was different from this, because the old significance of Arras was gone, the spirit of the place was changed. The Arras I had known was a deserted town of no nationality, a stark, tragic, but somehow friendly place in which we found occasional billets, or through whose dark streets we marched at night, our boots waking hollow and desolate echoes, on our way to or from the line. But now Arras had become a French town, with cafés whose awnings, tables, and chairs spread half-way across the pavements, and full of French men and women whose presence, I kept feeling, was an unwarrantable intrusion. It was baffling and a little depressing, as if one were to meet a friend whose voice and manner had completely changed. It was not until I had walked out to the railway-bridge at Achicourt that everything suddenly came back; for there in front of me was the little brick house in whose backyard I had seen a shell burst and send up a great cloud of pink dust, and, far beyond it, across the fields, was the line of torn and leaning trees, leaning as if with their backs to a hurricane, which I associated with a special feeling in the pit of the stomach, because they marked the curve of the front line.

Our front line in front of Arras lay through or near a series of villages, Arleux, Oppy, Gavrelle, and so across the Scarpe to Feuchy, Tilloy, Neuville-Vitasse. When I explored that country during the next few days the surprises that awaited me were of a different kind. The villages, except for a few inhabitants and their little temporary huts, and sometimes a huge new barn, were the same battered ruins that I had known before; but, before, our paths to and from and between those villages and over all that country were front-line, support-line, and communication trenches, each one individual and familiar as a road is individual and familiar. All roads were disused except, here and there, at night. But now the trenches, most of them, were gone and most of the roads had come back to life, and, where there had been an undivided waste, square fields covered the country, and these roads and fields ran at all angles across the old trench lines, so that one crossed the country and approached the villages from unaccustomed directions, and the whole aspect of the place, as it existed in the memory, was disorientated. Only large features uninfluenced by such changes, such as a hill, a wood, a railway embankment, stood out suddenly and startlingly familiar.

So, when I came to Gavrelle, it was from a direction from which I had never approached it before. The No Man's Land at Mill Post had been conveniently bounded on the left by a railway line, which ran over the top of our trench (I used to bump my tin

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hat against it every night), and on the right by a road lined with broken trees. Now I found the railway, but our trenches and the Boche trenches were gone, and the line of broken trees was gone, too. At last, I found the road. It was overgrown and almost gone, too, and the tree-stumps, I suppose, had been taken for fire-wood. But one small section of trench remained, and a mound behind it, and I recognized the trench as one out of which I had once climbed to get behind a stable-door, (the only thing left standing) on the mound. Staring cautiously round the edge of that door three and a half years ago, I had tried to get some idea of a spot in the Boche line on which our people were to do a raid.

So, too, I came to Oppy and, as in a nightmare, I could not succeed in recognizing it for the once familiar site. Even the wood seemed different, until I spotted the mound, formerly in No Man's Land, which (I don't know why) we used to call Marian's Mound, and then the whole place suddenly readjusted itself and swung into position. But, even now, where was the steep slope on which Oppy Post once stood? From that post we had overlooked the Boche position; but now, where I searched, the country was almost flat. And then for the first time I realized that what, to men living in trenches with their eyes on the ground level, seemed a considerable hill, might often in reality be a slope of no more, perhaps, than the height of a man.

I realized it again at Neuville-Vitasse, where our outpost line had seemed to run along the crest of a lofty ridge, behind which the hollow plain used to sound and resound with the infinitely various noises of our guns from the cheerful whoop of the 18-pounders to the ponderous detonations of the Corps heavies. The rise into Neuville-Vitasse is really a trifling affair, and the plain behind it is no plain, but an irregular ascent towards another crest. That trench at Neuville-Vitasse had crossed a sunken road, so that one had to descend from the trench-end into the road and mount again into the trench-end at the other side. When we had lived in those trenches, it had seemed like descending out of one watch-tower to mount into another; now, I found that the banks on each side of that road were hardly more than twelve feet high.

It is generally, as I have said, the larger features that help one most in attempting to identify the old sides. In a third-class carriage full of country folk I came suddenly upon the very embankment from which we had attacked, and eventually taken, Croiselles in August, 1918; and, as the train whirled me past, I caught sight of the gap where heavy *minnies* had been falling on the railway as we tried to get into position; and farther on I spotted, a few yards from the carriage-window, the tin-covered entrance of a dugout that we had searched for prisoners.

But, if the large features help one most in one's search for external things, it is often the little things that bring back the sensation of the past most vividly. To find one's self unconsciously executing the well-learned dodges for climbing in and out of trenches; to feel again that particular physical and mental sensation of having one's legs unexpectedly tangled in wire; to come, as I did, upon an ammunition-box of full bandoliers; and, most searching of all, to find an unopened bully-beef tin with the opener still attached, to open it, and to find the bully, judged at least by smell, perfectly good — it was things like these that completed the miracle of making past and present almost coincide.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

DUST

BY STELLA MORRIS

[*The Poetry Review*]

All ways are gay with dust this summertide,
The dust lies thick about the countryside.
How shall I go through dust to be his bride?

All ways are gray with dust, gray dust of sighs,
And sobbing memories — for dead, loved eyes
Would see me go to greet him lover-wise.

SONG

BY ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

[*The Saturday Review*]

Jack-in-the-hedge,
Bryony, foxglove,
Robin-run-up-the-hedge —
Sing to my little love.

Speedwell and firmament,
Duckweed and bonfire,
Zephyr, rook-parliament —
Breathe her my heart's desire.

And all ye jolly birds,
Join in our roundelay;
Sing, cockioly birds,
This is my wedding-day!

EPITAPH

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*The Observer*]

Humbly I lived, but very proudly died.
Death's chosen! Can you wonder at my pride?
Philosophers and Heroes, Saints and Kings
He left, but folded *me* beneath his wings.

THE WEAVER

BY KATHARINE I. MONRO

[*The Bookman*]

All the day long, and every day,
In fog or in sunlight, in gold or in gray,
I weave for my living, down Southwark way:
But at night I weave my dreams.

Cloth for the merchant, and cloth for the maid,
Broadcloth and taffeta, silk and brocade;
Many have labored ere one is arrayed:
But alone I weave my dreams.

Starlight and firelight, laughter and tears,
Gleaming desires and shadowy fears;
Words half remembered, from far-away years:
Of such I weave my dreams.

Now, when the darkness is kindly and deep,
Now, when the moon is atop Heaven's steep,
Some go to slumber, and some go to weep:
But I go home to my dreams.

THE KING OF CHINA'S DAUGHTER

BY JOAN CAMPBELL

[*The Poetry Review*]

This is the song of the King of China's daughter.
Very far away she lives, beyond the tumbling water;
Three-and-thirty eunuchs stand to wait on her behest,
Three-and-thirty lute-players to lull her heart to rest.
But the King of China's daughter shall rest no more at all
Because in dreams I went to her, and hold her heart in thrall.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'LE CADUCÉE,' ANOTHER PLAY ABOUT DOCTORS

Doctors appear to be fair game for the modern dramatist, who either attacks them as pretentious charlatans or else holds them up to admiration as benefactors of the race. Bernard Shaw, in *The Doctor's Dilemma* offers an excellent example of the first practice. The only one of the six physicians in the play for whom he appears to have any respect is Sir Patrick Cullen, who persists that all medical progress is leading 'right back to my poor dear old father's ideas and discoveries. He 's been dead over forty years now.'

M. Brieux in *Les Avariés*, on the other hand, has shown the doctor in a strong but entirely favorable light, as the friend and helper of foolish humanity.

Much more faithful to the probable facts of the case is 'André Pascal' — otherwise Baron Henri de Rothschild, himself a physician — who in his new play, *Le Caducée*, gives us a thoroughgoing rascal of a doctor for a hero and as counterfoil to him another doctor — this time a hard-working, disinterested, serious man of science. Dr. Revard is a skillful but unscrupulous surgeon, who has become indifferent to the risks his patients run, and reckons the cost of the gifts he makes to his mistress, Fernande, not in money but in terms of the operations he has undertaken. One of the most telling bits of dialogue in the play occurs in the first act. Dr. Revard has just given Fernande a costly set of silver-fox furs: —

Fernande. Oh! A silver fox! Ah! chic!

Dr. Durieux. How much did it cost?

Dr. Revard. Two appendicitis cases.

Dr. Revard becomes more and more indifferent to the interests of his patients until at length — in his eagerness for money — he persuades a young and wealthy American society woman to undergo an operation which is not only useless but dangerous. She dies from its effects; and Dr. Revard's infamy is discovered and denounced by his assistant. Rather than face certain ruin professionally, as well as the legal consequences of his crime, Dr. Revard commits suicide. But he tries, in his death, to atone in some measure for his past crimes, by the mode of suicide he chooses. He injects a poison into his arm and quietly sits down to record every symptom caused by the toxin as he draws nearer and nearer to death. In the meantime, he has sent for his friend, Dr. Durieux, the honest physician, to whom, as he dies, he communicates the last symptoms, which he is no longer strong enough to record with his own hands.

Although the play is at times disfigured by deliberate excursions into the sentimental for its own sake, and episodes that do not grow necessarily out of the action, its inherent strength is such that it retains its genuine dramatic qualities. Three scenes are unforgettable: the first, that in which the American woman, Mrs. Watson has her first consultation with the doctor, and is so strongly affected by his personality and his personal charm that the way is opened for her final submission to his will and her consent to the needless operation which costs her life; the second, the scene between the doctor and a professor of medicine who comes to tell him of the accusation soon to be laid against him; and the

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third, the scene of the doctor's suicide, ending with the very effective dramatic contrast produced by the entrance of his friend, Dr. Durieux.

Le Caducée was a long time in reaching the stage. Originally accepted by the distinguished producer, Antoine, at *L'Odéon*, in 1909 or 1910, it was transferred to M. Porel at the *Vaudeville*. About this time rumors were circulated in the Parisian press that protest against the play had been entered by eminent physicians — a report which was quite false, since M. Rothschild had previously submitted his manuscript to several professional colleagues.

When it was read to the actors, however, they found fault with it on the ground that it was 'a pamphlet, not a play,' and M. Rothschild withdrew it. M. Antoine had meantime been watching the course of events and now requested that the play be returned to his theatre where it was put into rehearsal but failed to reach a first performance owing to unexpected financial difficulties. Then came the war, and after that M. Rothschild decided to make a revision of the manuscript. The play was finally produced at the *Théâtre de la Renaissance* February 5, 1921 at a benefit, and several months later was revived at the *Théâtre du Gymnase*. It has been extremely successful.

The transparent anonymity of the author — who has written under two *noms de plume*—afforded French critics some amusement, though their comments on the play itself have been highly favorable. M. Robert de Flers observes in *Le Gaulois:* 'Hitherto Dr. Henri de Rothschild has taken Charles Desfontaines as a pseudonym. Since his identity has been discovered, he is now trying to hide it behind the name of André Pascal, but it is by no means certain that he will succeed.'

SUPERLATIVE NONSENSE

Mr. A. P. Herbert, an English writer not very well known in this country, has written a little volume of nonsense verses which he calls *The Wherefore and the Why*. He gives a sub-title that is even more alluring, 'Some New Rhymes for Old Children.' There must be very few children, young or old, who can resist his lines on the chameleon:—

I wish I could be a chameleon,
And look like a lily or rose;
I'd lie on the apples and peaches and pears,
But not on Aunt Margaret's horrible chairs —
I should have to be careful of those.

The chameleon's life is confusing,
He is used to adventure and pain;
But if ever he sat on Aunt Maggie's cretonne,
And noticed what curious colors he'd gone,
I don't think he'd do it again.

Mr. Herbert is quite as fond as Edward Lear of choosing the subjects of his verses from zoölogy. Not content with celebrating the life and labors of the chameleon, he also hymns the glow-worm:—

The meaning of his shininess
Is fairly clear to me;
It is intended to impress
The future Mrs. G.

No doubt you think it is his nose
Which gleams across the glen;
Well, it is not; the part that glows
Is on the abdomen.

So very likely that explains
Why all these millionaires
Buy such expensive shiny chains
To hang about on theirs.

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SOVIET THEATRES

Whatever the other results of the Russian Revolution, it has at least given a strong impetus to activity in the theatre, according to a writer in the London *Sunday Times*, who has just returned from a tour through East-

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ern and Central Europe, during which he paid special attention to the contemporary drama. Little playhouses run by workers and soldiers such as are referred to in Vyacheslav Shishkov's story, 'Old Vavilych,' which appeared in the *Living Age* a few weeks ago, abound throughout Russia. In Moscow alone there are said to be four thousand.

These little theatres differ radically from those that we know in America, for

> they are, in most cases, wooden shacks, sometimes rooms, which are fitted and used for the purposes of lectures, cinema, and theatricals. Both, workers and peasants write their own plays, perform them, and make the scenery and costumes. Each class has its own subject, but both are strongly disposed to treat their subjects symbolically. While the workers enjoy exhibiting and castigating the vanity and folly of the old ruling class, the peasants are occupied with deeply religious and mystical themes. But the main thing to note is that both classes are free to express themselves dramatically within the bounds set by the requirements of a new world, as it were, fighting for its life. They are expected to express what strict Communist life is and how it should be lived.

The outburst of enthusiasm for the theatre, which is apparently even more spontaneous and far more general than that of Elizabethan England, is due to two circumstances. One is the increased freedom of expression. The other is the fact that the theatre now expresses the ideals of present-day Russia, and the peasant audiences witness plays written around their own actual experiences of every day. Sometimes the people are roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm that they almost take part in the action themselves, and are so carried away by their feelings that the whole house breaks into a shout as the curtain falls.

AN INTERNATIONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE International Institute of Bibliography, which is housed in the Palais Mondial at Brussels, was adversely criticized at the meeting of the British Library Association at Manchester. The Institute aims to provide a complete classified index of all the books that were ever written. Since there are at present but twelve million cards, and no less than forty thousand books are known to have been written by the middle of the nineteenth century, it is apparent that the Institute is at present far from achieving its ambitious purpose.

The cards are stored in four ranks of card cabinets, running from end to end of a room eighty feet long. They are classified according to the Dewey system, somewhat elaborated, and index both author and subject, so that far less than twelve million books are represented by the cards themselves.

A Manchester librarian criticizes the Institute as being too ambitious to succeed, and suggests that, if it is to be genuinely useful, it ought to be supported by all the nations rather than by the Belgian government alone as at present. If there is to be any international bibliographical institution of the kind, he favors locating it at Washington, 'because the Americans are a great nation of bibliographers.'

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A NEW PLAY BY SUDERMANN

CIVILIAN Germany in war-time provides the theme of Sudermann's new play, *Not Ruf*, the first of a trilogy dealing with manners and morals of the day. It recalls the closing days of the war, dealing with the latent eroticism of the woman left at home, as it grows from unconscious passivity to morbid action. The play is built up around the intrigues of a young officer's wife.

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Opinion seems to condemn the picture as unfair. The manager had to be forced by judicial action to produce the play, and appears to have revenged himself by assigning the most difficult rôles to players of but mediocre talent, and by staging it at the end of the summer theatrical season, when the theatre caters only to provincials. The dramatist was apparently done scant justice.

Despite these obstacles, as most of the critics admit, albeit somewhat grudgingly, the play is a masterpiece of construction; and though they repudiate Sudermann's themes with complete unanimity, they praise his technical skill as he displays it here. Fearful of the possible results of disapproval on the part of former soldiers, the management hit upon a simple expedient for preventing disorder on the first night: no gallery tickets were sold, and when the curtain rose, that part of the theatre was quite empty except for a few officers of the Surety Police, prepared to cope with disorder in other parts of the house.

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A SOLUTION OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM

THE housing crisis has been quite as serious in Paris as in most other parts of the world. Marshal Foch and other high dignitaries have suffered from it, but none of them have found so simple a way out of their difficulties as Senator Poirson, former Prefect of the Seine and Oise Department, who was recently left without a roof.

After he had searched Paris in vain for an apartment or a villa, the senator took counsel from his dusty law books, and discovered that by virtue of his office as custodian of the Senate, he was also custodian of the National Assembly, which meets at Versailles, and that this entitled him to lodge himself in the palace. The homeless official at once moved into the Versailles palace where he is the first tenant since the day Louis XVI moved his court to the Tuileries. Compared to the senator's domicile, the Presidential residence of France is a mere cottage. Furthermore, the senator pays no rent whatever, but French officials have suggested that he had better keep on good terms with the tax collector, for if he were compelled to pay the window tax for this palace, he would be bankrupt.

✻

DANTE DE LUXE

THE Milan publisher, Ulrico Hoepli, has signalized the celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death and has issued a fac-simile of the *Codice* and *Trivulziano* bound in imitation of the original. The reproductions are extraordinarily faithful, and reading them is almost the same as having the documents before one. He has also issued an illustrated de luxe edition of the *Divine Comedy*, edited by Corrado Ricci and *L'Ultimo Refugo de Dante* from the same pen. These are perhaps as authoritative as any extant editions.

✻

BOOKS MENTIONED

Herbert, A. P. *The Wherefore and the Why*. Illustrated by George Morrow. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Ricci, Corrado (editor). *Codice* and *Trivulziano*. Ulrico Hoepli, Milan. 750 lire.

Ricci, Corrado (editor). *The Divine Comedy*. Ulrico Hoepli, Milan. 750 lire.

Ricci, Corrado. *L'Ultimo Refugo di Dante*. Ulrico Hoepli, Milan. 100 lire.

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